

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 4, 1983 25 CENTS

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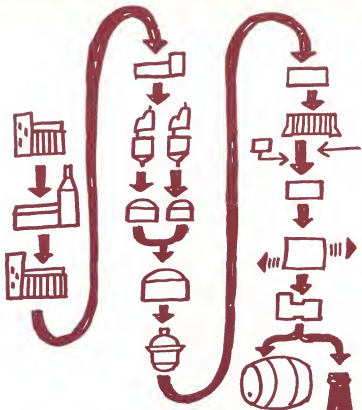
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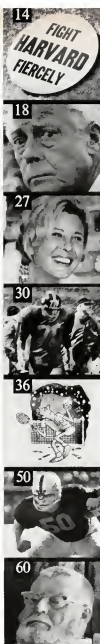
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Next week

UNDUE ROUGHNESS is pro football is always a problem. Walter Bingham describes how Commissioner Pete Rozelle and Joe Kuharich, Supervisor of Officials, are controlling it.

"MAN O' WAR, move over," declares Whitney Tower, "and make room at the top for Kelso." In another view of racing, Annis Saul Sternberg wittily depicts the world of the track.

THE SILVER ALL-AMERICA for 1963 has been chosen. The editors disclose the winners of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual awards—this time outstanding members of the class of 1938.

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POINT OF FACT

An NHL quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

7 What team went the longest without winning during the regular season?

• The New York Rangers were winless in 25 straight games, tying four and losing 21. The streak stretched from January 1944 through November of the following season.

7 What was the most prolific scoring team in NHL history?

• The Montreal Canadiens, in the 1959 season, scored a record 697 points on 258 goals and a record 439 assists.

7 What were the most consecutive goals scored by a team in one game?

• On January 23, 1944 the Detroit Red Wings scored 15 straight goals against the New York Rangers to win the game 15-0. Detroit set another high in that game by scoring eight times in the third period. (This, fittingly, was the game that started the Rangers on their record 25-game nonwinning streak.) The most goals by a team in one game, however, is 16. The Canadiens scored them on March 3, 1920 against the Quebec Bulldogs.

7 What is the shortest length of time a rookie player has gone before scoring his first goal in league play?

• It took Gus Bodnar of the Toronto Maple Leafs just 15 seconds of his first game to score a goal against the New York Rangers

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POINT OF FACT continued

on October 30, 1943. Bodnar ended the season with 62 points (50-game schedule), a record for a rookie.

? *Three players have scored exactly 50 goals in one season. Who are they?*

• Maurice Richard of the Canadiens (1945) was the first player in NHL history to score 50 goals in a season. Bernie Geoffrion of the Canadiens and Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks equaled his record in 1961 and 1962, respectively. Richard scored his 50 goals in a 50-game season while Geoffrion and Hull did it over a 70-game schedule.

? *What was the longest modern shutout streak by a goalie?*

• Bill Durnan of the Montreal Canadiens had four consecutive shutouts during the 1949 season.

? *Who scored the most points in one season? The most assists?*

• Dickie Moore of the Canadiens amassed 96 points on 41 goals and 55 assists at the 1959 season. Jean Beliveau, also of the Canadiens, had 58 assists during the 1961 season.

? *What team compiled the most points in one season?*

• In 1951 the Detroit Red Wings won 44 games and tied 13 (lost 13) for 101 points.

? *Did Detroit win the most games in one season?*

• No. The Montreal Canadiens, in 1956, won 45 games (tied 10, lost 15).

? *Has any team lost more than 50 games in one season?*

• Only one. In 1954 the Chicago Black Hawks lost 51 games (won 12, tied 7).

? *What team won the most consecutive games in one season?*

• From December 3, 1929 to January 12, 1930 the Boston Bruins won 14 straight games.

—HERMAN WEBKOPF

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THE HIGHEST OLYMPICS

The selection of Mexico City as the site of the 1968 Olympic Games—a candidacy that beat out Detroit—came as the Mexican capital was entertaining the 33rd Congreso Mundial of ASTA (American Society of Travel Agents) with bullfights, auto racing and horse racing. There were 2,500 agents in town, and every one of them asked the same question: How will altitude (7,400 feet of it) affect the performance of Olympic athletes?

In a city where the big nightclubs provide oxygen tanks for exhausted twisters, and in which hangovers seem endless, this is a question worth asking. The answer is that the effect will be more than somewhat but not necessarily drastic. Broad jumpers and hop-step-and-jumpers will sail farther through the thin air. The breathlessness of the long distance runner will be more than apparent. Even sprinters, who don't breathe much over 100 meters and shorter distances, will notice the lack of oxygen. All athletes will be advised to inhale oxygen before and after competition.

These are prognostications based on what happened in the 1955 Pan American Games, when not a few competitors from 22 nations collapsed and were hauled off on stretchers after their events. But records, seven of them, were set nonetheless. Thus Lou Jones of New Rochelle, N.Y. fell unconscious on the cinders at the end of the 400-meter race, quite unaware that he had broken the world record with a time of 45.4 seconds.

Acclimatization is possible for some individuals, but not all, according to Peter V. Karpovich, M.D. in his *Physiology of Muscular Activity*. And athletes from higher altitudes like Bolivia's La Paz (11,916 feet) may find their times improved in such events as the 10,000-meter run, if one may judge by experiments conducted in 1947, when a team was taken from La Paz to sea level at Arica, Chile. In the heavier air, however, performances in jumping and putting the shot worsened.

One of the travel representatives, Peter Prag of Norway, declared that, based on his own experience with highheadedness and shortness of breath, he would advise Norwegian coaches that "things are going to be very tough in Mexico." Reminded that he had been wined and dined at the convention, whereas "athletes don't drink," Mr. Prag responded, "You don't know Norwegian athletes." Letcoaches beware—in Mexico in 1968 their motto might well be: schnapps, schnapps.

SHUFFLE OFF, LADIES

The odds against a perfect bridge hand (everybody gets 13 of a suit), are, roughly, 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,999 to 1. There are those who will assure you that it is a most unlikely combination. But last spring four ladies from Kankakee, Ill. each picked up 13 cards of one suit (SI, April 15), causing a sensation in the bridge world. Since then, everywhere ladies with time on their hands have been off and dealing. Directly after the Kankakee cause célèbre came the Greybull, Wyo. astonishment. Four ladies, each with a 13-card flush. And then, after brief summer doldrums, four ladies in Evansville, Ind. managed to come up with the perfect hand. News of this must have swept on to La Crosse, Wis. for, shortly thereafter, a determined female foursome there hit the jackpot on its third try.

On we go, this time to Jacksonville, Fla., where just last week the now neo-odd oddity came up again at a session of The Tuesday Bridge Club That Meets On Thursday Morning. Same perfect hand and, once again, ladies all.

The odds against five such hands, limited to one sex, in the space of seven months? The odds are that the ladies need a mechanical shuffler.

YANKEE ECONOMICS

Dan Topping, co-owner of the New York Yankees, stood before a bouquet of microphones and said, "Yogi [Berra] took a cut in salary to accept the job as manager. We wanted to start him off at

the same salary that Casey [Stengel] and Ralph [Houk] started off at."

What Mr. Topping would seem to want everyone to believe is that Berra's \$35,000 is equal to the \$35,000 Stengel got when he began managing in 1949. Of course it is not. As for Houk's \$35,000, it represented quite a raise over the \$18,000 he had been making as a coach. What every one should believe, despite what Topping says, is that Yogi is the first Yankee manager in years to take a cut in pay. And he hasn't lost a game yet.

YES, WE HAVE BANANAS

The surfing mania, which has brought on its own brand of rock 'n' roll called surfing music, has spread over the Middle West in recent months, notwithstanding a dearth of surf. An Omaha, Nebraska disc jockey, Rich Stewart, playing one surf-riding number after another, mused aloud recently on what a shame it is that midwestern kids cannot go surfing. "How about tying banana peels to your feet and sliding down a hill, hee-hee?" Stewart babbled on, in true disc jockey fashion.

But teen-agers of Omaha's Westside High School, needing funds for their



chapter of the National Forensic League, thought it a grand idea. They decided to put on an open surfing contest. For \$10 they got 100 pounds of overripe bananas and marked off a course on a hill near the football field. A crowd of 450 gathered last Saturday to watch as Ann Cunningham, 11, and Kent Johnson, 17, scored perfect runs of 44 feet 8

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SCORECARD *continued*

inches, the length of the course, to become Turf King and Queen. The club realized a profit of \$30.

"Turfing ought to catch on," observed Club President Ray Dryden. "When you fall you don't get wet."

IT'S HOW YOU PLOY THE GAME

Quite possibly the world's most accomplished ploysters in the field of sport are the members of India's tennis association, who last year (SI, Dec. 3, 1962) arranged to confound Mexico's Davis Cup team with a fouled-up schedule, a shift in locale, a failure to provide housing, meals or transportation and a succession of similar morale-shattering annoyances. Even so, Mexico won.

Now the Indian gamesmen, whose players are at their best on a slow surface, have surpassed themselves. This year's proposed victim: the speedy U.S. team in the Davis Cup Interzone Final in Bombay. Last week the U.S. team, already in India, was officially informed that the Indians had opted to play on "sand" courts.

Now what in the name of all that is Eastern and mysterious is a "sand" tennis court?

A once-ranked Indian player, seemingly surprised that we should ask, has explained to our New Delhi correspondent that this curious playing surface is "a specialty of Bombay." Sand is not a very precise term for it.

"The courts," our informant says, "are surfaced with a mixture of cow dung and sand spread smoothly over the playing surface. The cow dung binds the sand together, and the grains of sand give the court a rough, slow surface."

A Westerner might think otherwise, but the addition of sand is the truly Machiavellian touch.

"These courts," says the former Indian star, "are even slower than pure cow-dung courts."

HEARD: A CRY FOR HELP

It begins to look as if baseball fans in Los Angeles and Washington may get some much-needed help from the American League. Last season the Senators finished 48½ games behind the Yankees and dipped almost 200,000 in attendance to become the poorest gate attraction in the majors; the Angels finished 34 games out of first and slipped 300,000 in attendance. More important to the American League's prestige, however, is the

continued

Sentry reports

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The secret of being a smart insurance buyer is to put your insurance dollars against the really big risks . . . and to insure yourself against those financial risks that might be a little painful but wouldn't really break you. For instance, take a look at your auto policy. Does it give you protection for all your collision damage after the first \$50.00, but only \$50.000 protection for your personal liability? It would make sense to insure yourself for the first \$100 of collision damage . . . and use the money you save to buy liability limits of \$300,000 or even \$500,000, which is none too much for a successful man today.

This is the modern approach to insurance that typifies the Sentry Insurance idea: whether it be protection for your life, home, personal possessions, car or boat, Sentry Insurance programs are geared to provide big basic benefits for the major needs and to stretch insurance dollars for the policyholder far enough to cover such a program. Frills, petty claims, coverage of minor risks can only run up your cost of insurance. We eliminate them for the smart buyer.

Like more information on being a smart (if not positively brilliant) insurance buyer? We have a lively little booklet called "Thrift Tips" that's packed with approximately 100 specific suggestions on getting more for your insurance dollar. For your copy, just drop a postcard to Sentry Insurance, Stevens Point 2, Wisconsin. Or call the Sentry Insurance man in your locality. He's in the yellow pages.



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All it takes is a little bit of will power
...and Metrecal®**

If you're carrying extra pounds. If you've read that overweight can shorten life expectancy, isn't it time to really do something about your weight?

Metrecal® dietary is the simple, safe, practical way to lose weight that has satisfied over five million men and women. Many use Metrecal for two meals a day with a moderate third meal of their usual foods. As a result, they lose weight—and without feeling hungry.

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Is this the day you really do something about your weight? All it takes is a little bit of will power... and Metrecal.

Your physician is your best counsel on weight control.

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SCORECARD *continued*

fact that in 1963 the Angels drew 1,700,000 fewer fans than the Dodgers.

There may be denials, but two plans of assistance are currently being thought about. Both are worthy.

The first culls for each of the other eight teams in the American League to freeze 15 players from its 40-man roster of Oct. 15 and to make available the other 25 at a cost of \$20,000 each. Los Angeles and Washington would be able to buy one player from each team for a total of eight. The second plan calls for each of the eight teams to freeze 15 players from its 25-man roster of last Aug. 31, thus making available the other 10, again at the price of \$20,000 each.

On the surface these plans seem extremely liberal and the price may fluctuate, most likely upward. American League owners have been asked to think over both plans before December's major league meetings. If either is adopted we think that attendance will fluctuate upward, too.

HAPPY AFTERNOON AT WEMBLEY

It is 100 years since representatives of 11 English football (soccer, that is) clubs met in a London tavern to formulate a universal set of rules. Since then the game has grown and spread the world over to become, indeed, the world's most popular game, one that has even begun to achieve a wide following in the U.S., observed though we are with our own brand of football.

The rules of 1863 were a mess. Some clubs permitted players to catch the ball and run with it—now universally forbidden. Others allowed contestants to kick opponents' shins. When shin-kicking was outlawed by the other 10, one club indignantly withdrew.

Since then the game has spread like the sea. Sailors have played it on northern polar ice. During World War I an officer of an English regiment climbed out of a trench, kicked a soccer ball toward the enemy lines and led a charge into machine-gun fire. An Everest party, 16,000 feet up in the Himalayas, paused in its climb to listen to a radio report of a soccer match. The game has become both an inspiration and an entertainment, the names of its stars an international language.

To celebrate the centenary, England played a match against the rest of the world in London's Wembley Stadium, packed with 100,000 spectators, including

continued

A man with glasses, wearing a bright red long-sleeved button-down shirt and dark trousers, is leaning back at a steep angle. He is holding a pipe in his mouth and has a slight smile. His left hand is in his pocket. He is wearing dark, possibly patent leather, shoes. The background is a dark, solid color.

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LEAN ON
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There is virtually no wasted space on the VW. Even the engine is tucked away. (Over the drive wheels.)

You can carry 8 big adults with luggage.

Or 1632 lbs. of assorted children.

And if you slide the sunroof back you can lug home a big dog at the auction.

Big as our wagon is, it's only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.

So if you're ever in a tight jam, it can seem pretty small.



the Duke of Edinburgh. The home team took on players from 10 other nations, the teams fielding athletes with an aggregate worth approaching \$6 million. Through Eurovision, 60 million persons outside the stadium watched the match. Some 500 commentators reported the game in two dozen languages.

Such a match, such a gathering, had never taken place before. To cap a perfect day, England deservedly won a hard-fought game 2-1—a fitting climax to 100 years of competition. "You've no idea," said an English fan, "what a happy afternoon it was."

PRESCRIPTION FOR REVERIE

In the northern half of the country at this time of year most fresh water anglers are preparing to store away tackle and put in a long winter of dreaming. Best way to induce those dreams, we suggest, is to browse through *The Treasury of Angling* (Ridge Press/Golden Press, \$14.95 until Christmas, when the price jumps \$2). A handsome new book by Larry Koller, angler, rodmaker, flytier and writer, its magnificent photographs are by George Silk. Late photographer who, as a boy of 12 in his native New Zealand, took an eight-pound brown trout the first time he went fishing. Among the subjects expertly dealt with in text and pictures (72 pages in color) are the development of American angling, fly-fishing in the U.S. and the ways of salmon, trout, bass and the pikes. Only drawback is the title, which would be more appropriate for an anthology.

The publishers brag on the jacket that any four pages of the book's pictures "should raise the warriest fisherman from his lie." For once a blurb does not exaggerate.

THEY SAID IT

• John Crittendon, Miami News writer, on Alabama Coach Bear Bryant and his critics: "He stares down most of them, and he sues the others."

• Bo Belushi, the playboy of the western baseball world, expounding on his reformation: "I'm really not a wild guy. I always got to bed by 2 a.m. All that talk about 6 a.m. is crazy, man. I got to get my sleep."

• John Cudmore, Southern Methodist Mustang Club vice-president, on the violence that greeted U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson in Dallas: "They treated him like a losing football coach." **END**



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because it's rich, comfortable, stays neat, too.
It's got "Orlon"**

"Orlon" keeps a guy's suit in great shape. Keeps him looking neat without really trying. Suits of "Orlon"—acrylic and worsted look and feel like a million, too. Comfortable? You bet! Styles? Plenty! This handsome suit comes in sizes 6-12, 13-20. Get it at R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; Lowenstein's, Memphis; Gimbels-Schuster's, Milwaukee; Gimbels, New York; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh. Styled, tailored by **CHIPS 'N TWIGS**

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER THINGS THROUGH CHEMISTRY



WHO LOVES HARVARD?

*Ten thousand men of Harvard wait
nerv'ly today.*

One would have to go back 30 years, to the depths of the Depression, to discover the last time this stirring exhortation really stirred anyone around Harvard Square. Until last week, that is, when the Dartmouth College football team arrived in Cambridge holding aloft a 15-game winning streak, the longest of any major-college team in the country.

Now, ordinarily the annual appearance of a Dartmouth team and its rooters is not the occasion for serious concern, one way or the other, at Harvard. Dartmouth people, in the minds of Harvard people, are fine football players, but their talk is too loud and they are a bit immature. Last week, however, the Harvards were more tolerant. For one thing, this was the 60th anniversary of Harvard Stadium, the first concrete football hippodrome in America, and the Harvard people respect tradi-

tion, of which they have a great deal more than anyone else. For another thing, Harvard rather suspected it might beat Dartmouth and go on to win the Ivy League championship. Harvard had not lost a game since it was beaten by Dartmouth a year ago, although a couple of early-season ties against Massachusetts and Columbia would sooner be forgotten. And, if an outsider might be forgiven a faintly dispassionate observation, it really is extraordinary what a successful football

WALTER IRIGUI 28

Scoring at last after a frustrating first half, Harvard's Haliback Scott



The alumni and students do, now that their team, unbeaten in nine games, has proved itself deserving of affection by ALFRED WRIGHT

team can do to the atmosphere around an otherwise sophisticated university.

Thus, of course, was not as apparent at the beginning of the game last Saturday as it was at the end. Dartmouth appeared on the field in dazzling white uniforms with green striping. Harvard countered with the crimson it has been wearing almost since the Battle of Bunker Hill. On the first play Mike Bassett, the Harvard quarterback, threw a pass to Ted Bracken, the Dartmouth guard. Several minutes later,

Dana Kelly, the Dartmouth quarterback, threw a 13-yard pass to John McLean, his halfback, and with the game three and a half minutes old, Dartmouth led by 7-0. All of a sudden the overflow crowd of 38,000—the first non-Yale sellout at Harvard in 32 years—lost its voice.

Again Harvard received, and on the next play fumbled the ball to Dartmouth. Silence reigned deeper except for some uncouth Dartmouth voices on the sun side of the field. Harvard people from Milton

and Dedham and the North Shore began to wish they were spending the balmy autumn afternoon gardening or sailing or playing golf.

But a tall, soft-spoken quarterback from Philadelphia who looks a lot like those fur-haired Hollywood boy friends named Tab and Rip and Rock changed the Harvard minds. His name is Bill Humenuk, and for most of his career at Harvard he has played quarterback in the shadow of his senior classmate Bassett. With time running out in the first half, Humenuk took over the team at mid-field and passed it directly to the Dartmouth one-yard line, where, unfortunately, three passes fell incomplete and the

continued

Harshberger, who had planted off tackle, battles over the protesting body of Dartmouth's Ted Bracken at the end of a 36-yard touchdown run.



clock ran out before Harvard could score.

But the first time Harvard got the ball in the second half Humenuk was again in charge. Immediately he noticed something about the Dartmouth defense: the right tackle was pinched in too tight and the right end spread too wide. Humenuk called for a slant through this gap by his best friend, Scott Harshbarger, a fellow Pennsylvanian whose father is a professor of religious education at Penn State. Harshbarger found running room behind some gentlemanly Harvard blocking, and after proceeding some 10 yards downfield decided to cut across field to the right. It was a decision that looked unwise for a moment, but when the confusion of stumbling, tumbling bodies cleared, Harshbarger's crimson jersey was well along on its way to a touchdown. The play traveled 36 yards and John Hartman's kick tied the score.

Ten thousand or more men of Harvard now began to sniff victory. They had good reason. Following Dartmouth's early touchdown, Harvard had completely dominated the game, confining Dartmouth to a single first down and 38 yards while accumulating 172 yards and eight first downs of its own. The heretofore celebrated Dartmouth end sweeps were converted into traffic jams by the very good defensive play of Ends Tom Stephenson, Frank Ulickas and Ken Boyda. The linebacking of Center Brad Stephens and Fullback Bill Grana was careless of everyone's health, including their own. And the wide parables of Harry Van Oudenallen's punts kept Dartmouth as uncertain and off balance as a man learning to ice skate.

"I think," said Harvard Coach John Yovcsin, "that defense is very definitely the most important part of the game, and kicking is next."

Before Yovcsin arrived from little Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania, Harvard was not at all aware that he existed. He is now 44 years old and in his seventh year at Harvard. When coaching football, he is an unsmiling man with the lean and dedicated look of a deacon, and his teachings have scraped Harvard football off the bottom of the barrel. The team has won three of the last four Big Three championships and the Ivy title in 1961. Last year it was second to Dartmouth. If there is any rap at all against Yovcsin's teams, it is their lack of offensive polish. "I don't mind if we lose," said one lofty undergraduate last week,

"so long as we lose interestingly. I kind of love it when we fumble on the goal line. It gives the team character. It's not getting near the goal line that bores you."

Handsome Bill Humenuk removed any signs of boredom from the Harvard stands on Saturday afternoon. He made the team move on the ground, using his fast backs, Grana, Wally Grant and John Dockery, for sweeps, and his friend, Harshbarger, for the power plays inside. He kept the Dartmouth defense loose with passes to Harshbarger, Boyda and Ulickas, the latter scoring Harvard's second touchdown late in the third quarter on a pass from the Dartmouth 24. Midway through the fourth quarter Humenuk took the team down to the Dartmouth four. From there, Hartman kicked the field goal that removed all suspense. Dartmouth did score a second touchdown at the very end of the game with the help of a questionable pass-interference call against a Harvard defender in the end zone, but the final score of 17-13 made the teams look more evenly matched than they were.

"The best thing that ever happened to Harvard football," says Barron Pittenger, who conducts public relations for Harvard athletics, "was when the Russians put spitnik up in the air. Right away high schools all over the country began raising their academic standards, and a lot of good football players who could not have passed our entrance requirements in the past were now able to get into Harvard." Anyone who takes so much as a cursory glance at the group of scholars who now fight fiercely for Harvard will understand what Pittenger is talking about. Unlike so many Ivy League players of the past decade, they look like football players in the same way that Big Ten players do. The anthropoidal line from the bottom of their ears, where the neck should begin, to the corners of their sloping shoulders is unbroken. They have big buttocks and legs and a lot of their front teeth are missing, which indicates an admirable lack of regard for flying elbows. They look, in short, very much like football players.

Some of the players on Harvard's freshman team this year are so promising that other coaches around the country are beginning to whine. Steve Diamond, a tackle from Miami who is the freshman captain, has two brothers playing professionally for the Kansas City Chiefs, and he himself was originally signed to a letter of intent by Georgia Tech. He changed his



Recoiled-coated dean leads Dartmouth rally.

Pilgrim-suited "John Harvard" whoops it up.



plans when he found he could get into Harvard. Unfortunately for Tech and other letter-of-intent schools, the Ivy League does not subscribe to the notion of pre-college recruiting contracts. The Ivy schools, absolutely certain that they are not in the flesh business, feel that a young man ought to be able to choose any college he wants when he wants.

It is out of such material that Yovicosian has molded the sturdiest defenses that the League has known in its brief eighty-year existence. But even an athlete with sloping shoulders and missing teeth has to do a lot of studying to keep the Harvard dean off his back, and that introduces one of Yovicosian's biggest problems: myopia. "All my safety men are blind," he was saying the other day. "I keep three men deep for punts and kickoff, and if there were just some way I could get the ball safely into their arms they are all fast enough to be dangerous." In the Rutgers game this year, Grant, the speedy young sophomore from Beverly, Mass., lost his contact lenses on the field, and the game had to be stopped while everyone crawled around in the grass of Harvard Stadium trying to find them. Eventually, a student manager ran at full speed all the way back to Grant's room to get another set of lenses.

Harvard undergraduates, to say nothing of the long-suffering alumni, can scarcely believe that the college is now represented by a football team in the grand and glorious tradition of Eddie Mahan, Charlie Brickley and Barry Wood. A couple of days before the Dartmouth game, a headline in *The Harvard Crimson* asked plaintively: CRIMSON AT MID-SEASON. WILL LOVE BE REQUIRED? In the unique prose of Harvard Yard, the campus sportswriter then went on to pose the dreadful problem that seemed to weigh on so many minds, from Faneuil Hall to the Fens in Boston and throughout the learned rooms alongside the Charles River. "The Crimson [team]," wrote the *Crimson*, "is like a guy in love with a girl who has beauty, brains, and a monstrous boyfriend. Every time our hero goes to make a move, he thinks of his rival, turns to jelly, and slinks away unrequited. . . . If the Harvard team ever manages to finish what it starts so bravely the varsity is quite capable of winning the day, its hulking adversaries notwithstanding."

As the traumatic moment of the Dartmouth invasion approached, Harvard

College clung to its composure. Unobtrusive slacks and jackets and neckties (without the tie clip) are the mode at Harvard today, and a stranger can scarcely tell the difference between a student and a young professor. "You're not really a Harvard man," explains Joseph M. Russin, president of the *Crimson*, "until your tie blows over your shoulder as you're walking across the Yard—and you don't notice it." Even the Radcliffe girls have abandoned the disheveled look for the well-laundered dress and neat shoes with heels. "The 'Chiffies want to look normal these days," says Russin, a product of Laramie, Wyo. "They'll just wear one little thing that is different."

The current campus controversy, aside from such standard stuff as Governor Wallace of Alabama and Barry Goldwater, is the matter of partial hours—how many hours girls should be permitted in men's rooms and vice versa. The answer recently seemed to be something around 50 hours a month, and one correspondent wrote to the *Crimson* asking if the hours could be taken consecutively.

On Friday evening, frivolous questions aside, the 44th annual Dartmouth

concert played by the Harvard band was cheered to the rafters of quaint old Memorial Hall. Strangely for Harvard, a great many minds were preoccupied with the next day's game. Still, a number of people were startled by a very unseemly **BEAT DARTMOUTH** sign that appeared across sixth-floor windows of new Quincy House, part of the high-rise, poured concrete and glass of the new Harvard that threatens to overpower the traditional 18th century Colonial bricks.

By late Saturday afternoon, when Bill Humenuk and his teammates had demonstrated that the love of their followers was clearly required, the enthusiasm for the Harvard varsity was unrestrained. President Nathan Pusey visited the dressing room to congratulate the players, and several thousand students gathered outside Dillon Field House with the band to serenade the winners. It might have been Ohio State or Oklahoma on a typical Saturday afternoon. When they reached the last line of their song, one could tell that the hoarse and happy Harvards really meant it.

*Ten thousand men of Harvard
gained victory today.*

END



A young lady from Radcliffe supports Harvard in neat ensemble of sweater, pin and pearls.

SPAIN SENT A TWO-MAN ARMADA

And it was almost strong enough to accomplish the golf upset of the year as the highly favored United States team of Palmer and Nicklaus nearly lost the Canada Cup in a French fog by HENRY LONGHURST

Once the Paris suburb of Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche had been selected as the site for the 11th annual Canada Cup Matches, there was never any doubt that the event would have its memorable elements. The gallery was certain to be spiced with a royal allotment of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses; the players were certain to get into colorful vocal brawls with bumptious French photographers who did not know the cry of "Fore!" from a petit four; the weather was certain to be battleship gray, in keeping with the French winter that started in June; and international sportsmanship was certain to be ad-

vanced in elegant fashion amid fitting pomp and ceremony.

All this would have been enough to make the Canada Cup tournament a noteworthy event, and all of it occurred. What also occurred—something that nobody really expected at all—was a sensational golf tournament. It had been assumed that the U.S. team of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus would grind the two-man squads from 32 other countries right into the firm farm acreage where Louis XIV once grazed his cows. Instead, it took all of the pressure golf Palmer and Nicklaus could muster to keep from being guillotined, first by the South Africans and second by



as improbable a pair of Spaniards as ever waved golf sticks in anger. It was not until the last holes of a fog-shortened Monday round that the U.S. prevailed, a burst of birdies by Nicklaus providing a three-stroke margin over Spain and climaxing the biggest golf week in French history.

Golf is not exactly France's national sport, the average citizen regarding it as a game for snobs. But early last week the country was finding itself golf conscious. The daily sports newspaper, *L'Equipe*, ran a "Rapide Instruction" to the game, including drawings showing "Le Soc Contre Ces C'loés." By the time the play began on Thursday, Prince Michel de Bourbon-Parme, the president of Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche, could confidently say that crowds would be large and enthusiasm considerable. He had only two remaining concerns. One, which he talked about, was the weather. The other, which he didn't, was the quality of the course. Both concerns proved justified. The first foursome was an hour late getting off the tee because fog and mist delayed play. "Gulp," said the prince, publicly.

Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche is a plain Jane of a golf course that is in need of some eyeshadow and lipstick. It is only five years old, and the trees that will make it a beautiful layout in 10 years now stand little more than golf-bag high. Its hazards are few, its rough hardly thicker than its fairways. What is more, there is some question as to how well the men who measure its yardages can count. The first hole is listed as a 456-yard par-5, but this first morning of play Nicklaus reached the green with a drive and an eight-iron. "Gulp," said the prince, privately.

Nicklaus got his eagle, and the supposed rout by the U.S. was on. Just as quickly it was off again. One reason was the very nature of the course. Because there was no trouble on it, everybody swung from the heels, everybody became a big hitter. The Japanese were driving almost as far as Palmer. If their shots hooked into another fairway, who cared? They could still hit back to the green. Thus, the game had to be won on the greens, which were just bouncy enough so that nobody was faring very well on them. At the end of the day the U.S. was tied for first with Canada. A source of minor amusement was the fact that little-known Sebastian Miguel of Spain had the best round of the day, a 66.

It was considered less amusing when, on Friday, the lowest score was a 67 turned in by Ramón Sota of Spain, Nicklaus and Palmer were pained by such developments in several ways. Palmer is overgolfed. His shoulder is still troubled by bursitis. European observers who saw him in the British Open four months ago noticed that he was now beginning to freeze slightly over putts—and miss. He also lost his temper in front of a gallery, something he never does. "It's terrible," he said, after repeatedly rebuking photographers. "They keep clicking when you are over the ball." With Palmer shooting a 69-70, and Nicklaus a 67-72, the U.S.

trailed Gary Player and Retief Goosen of South Africa by a stroke. It might have been five strokes, but Waltman and Player were having their own troubles with the greens. Player missed an 11-inch putt on 18, and could hardly contain his dismay. "It would have been a beautiful day without that putt," he said. "For two days I have been playing like a god. But my putting is abominable, catastrophic."

Still untroubled were Sota and Miguel. They now were tied with the U.S. and Canada in second place, and Madrid was beginning to shore up ticker tape—just in case. Sota is a burly 25-year-old from Santander who ought to be either a comic or a truck driver. He mugs like the former and blasts his way around a golf course like the latter. If his methods are not smooth, they are effective. He had played in one other Canada Cup, the 1961 event in Puerto Rico. "It was wretchedly hot here," he recalled. "The heat made me nervous. In Santander we have English weather." In Paris, too, Sota was anything but nervous. His partner, Miguel, is 32, suave, lean and dashing. A Madrid pro, his

continued



Spain's stocky Ramón Sota gives a d'est la vie shrug as he and teammate Sebastian Miguel consider their surprising role—that of chief tormentors of the two warned, frustrated champions at right

BRIAN KILB

gamematches his manner. It is effortless. There are only 5,000 golfers in Spain, and it was soon apparent at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche that at least two of them were pretty good.

Saturday the dukes, the princes and the big galleries were all back, but the results were much the same. Nicklaus shot a 66, which should have terrified any Spaniard. So Sota nearly sank a three-wood for a double eagle, Miguel rummaged the cup with a 120-yard iron shot, and Spain and the U.S. were still tied, this time for first place, as South Africa fell two strokes behind.

Palmer and Nicklaus did not fly 5,500 miles to lose the Canada Cup, least of all to a pair of latter-day conquistadors. What had started off as a rather pleasant international adventure was by this time an international crisis. "We have to win," said Nicklaus. "The prestige of Uncle Sam is at stake." Also, Uncle Jack and Uncle Arnie.

Sunday dawned. At least the French claim Sunday dawned. The fog was so thick that there was no way to tell, and there was no choice but to postpone the final round a day. This pleased nobody, and the reasons why give an idea of the scope of tournament golf today. The Spaniards were

angry because they wanted to rush home for the Spanish Open—which, in turn, had to be postponed a day. Weeks before, Qantas Airlines had actually altered its schedule in order to accommodate the big name golfers who wanted to fly out of France immediately in order to get to the Australian Open on time.

But, most unfortunate of all, many of the 10,000 spectators who would have watched this dynamic Canada Cup being completed on Sunday could not be there Monday when Nicklaus saved the U.S. Hitting through a fog that limited play to nine holes—automobiles with lights on had to be parked behind the greens as targets—Nicklaus got five fantastic birdies. On the sixth hole he sank a 70-foot shot from a trap—a blow that sank Spain, too, and also unseated the Duke of Windsor, who fell off his shooting stick. Miguel's 33 and Sota's 36 might well have won, but Nicklaus had a 32, Palmer a 34 and the U.S. was in. Nicklaus won the individual title, too.

As the fog lifted slightly and the golfers ran for airplanes, every Frenchman was now sure he had learned at least one thing about the confusing foreign sport he had been watching: the two great golf nations of the world are the U.S. and Spain.

I HAVE JOINED ARNIE'S ARMY

The crowd was thick around one of the greens at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche last week when somebody in the rear ranks shouted "Down in front!" With that a thin, white-haired, mild-mannered gentleman got off his shooting stick and knelt at the edge of the green. "That's better," he was told, loudly. The kneeling man was the Duke of Windsor, once Edward VIII, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. The duke was not amused, he knows that every man takes his chances in a golf gallery, especially if it is Arnie's Army. A Palmer follower—he bet \$10 on him in the U.S. Open this year—the Duke of Windsor has watched golf and played it for nearly 60 years. Here he expresses his feeling for the game and his pleasure at being a subject in the realm Arnie rules.

by H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

I have taken lessons from a host of professional golfers through the years and around the world, but I have never, alas, graduated from the ranks of the "hackers." As I walked the fairways of Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche this week, it was a pleasure to see what players such as Palmer and Nicklaus can do, even though it brings home quite sharply the realization that the game they play is not exactly the game I play.

My handicap is 18.

I am always happy to break 90, but that does not happen often. The best round I have ever had was a 75 on the course at Biarritz. In decades of playing, I have made three holes in one, two in the same year—1931. The first was at San-

tos in Brazil. The second occurred at the Royal Wimbledon near London. The latter was a long hole, and I did it with a wood. Twelve years later, when I was Governor at Nassau in the Bahamas, I shot my last ace.

I love golf. I can remember playing the game, or rather playing at it, when I was 10. Actually, though, I did not begin playing seriously until I was about 30.

As a young man I played a good deal of tennis and squash. I also enjoyed steeplechasing and hunting. But for the past 30 years or so, about my only sport has been golf. I prefer it to bird shooting. I would sooner hit 50 good shots on a golf links than kill 50 birds. I'm not crazy about killing.



Beneath the rolling fog, spectators stroll slowly past a placid pond, enjoying what was, for Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche, an exceptionally clear day.

As the years pass, more strenuous games or sports have to be abandoned. Golf, on the other hand, can be played until a very advanced age. He may not have been a very good golfer, but John D. Rockefeller enjoyed the game until he died a very old man. There was a well-known English golfer who shot a 69 when he was 69 years old.

I or me, golf is essentially a sociable game. Some golfers frown on conversation and take every shot dead seriously. I do not mind people talking, and I do not mind losing either.

I can't say that I agree with Bernard Shaw that golf is a wonderful walk spoiled by a little white ball. I love hitting that little white ball. Walking for the sake of walking bores me. Indeed, a golf ball is an incentive to a great many people to take exercise which they otherwise would not. People tell the story of the American businessman who was asked if he played golf and he replied, "No, I don't play, but I go to the funerals of friends who did." I am convinced, however, that golf is good for a man.

Much of the year I live in France. I play golf most weekends and occasionally during the week. The Saint Cloud course is only 10 minutes away from my house in the Bois de Boulogne, but I prefer the links at Saint Germain-en-Laye. It is flat, and I am no longer a mountain climber. I also play a lot of golf in America, where I am a member

of the Seminole Club near Palm Beach.

In my lifetime I have played golf with a great many people, some of whom you would not expect to be golfers. I still recall a round with (the then) Crown Prince Hirohito in Tokyo. That was in 1922. I won, but the Emperor was not a very experienced player. I understand that golf has become very popular in Japan today.

Golf is not the only game over which I am enthusiastic. I have always liked baseball. In fact, although this may sound heretical on the part of a Britisher, I find your baseball more interesting than our cricket. On the other hand, I think British Rugby football a better game than American football.

I still recall the exploits of the golfing heroes of the '20s—Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen. After Jones and Hagen came Sam Snead and Ben Hogan. I think that without the slightest disparagement toward many other fine golfers, the mantle of greatness has now fallen upon Arnie Palmer. Jack Nicklaus, his rival, is fantastic, but Palmer is something special. Not only is he an extraordinary player but he has the magnetism, the personal charm, the color of a champion. He is almost always smiling and a wonderful player to watch.

And that is exactly what I have done this week at the Canada Cup tournament at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche. I joined Arnie's Army and have hardly ever de-

serted it. Palmer and Nicklaus played fine sustained golf, though I don't think either of them probably considered his putter "hot" on any day.

The week at Saint-Nom-la-Bretèche has been magnificent sport—we learn not to mind the weather here. Like everyone else, I was astonished to see so large a crowd of French men and women turn out to watch a game most of them have never played. One might almost have thought one was watching a tournament in America!

The Canada Cup was superbly organized and provided a wonderful opportunity for the French to get acquainted with the greatest players in the world. Holding the event in France should give an enormous impetus to golf on the continent of Europe. And if European firms initiated America by sponsoring tournaments and offering generous prizes, the great players would become more frequent visitors over here.

Still another thing which would popularize golf in Europe would be the construction of municipal courses such as exist in America and Great Britain. But those who do play here make up with their enthusiasm for their small numbers.

I always feel sorry for people who do not play golf and never know its satisfactions. But, thank the Lord, everyone has not tried the game. If they did, there would never be enough courses in the world to accommodate us all.

END

FIRE WATCH IN A DRY, DRY WOODLAND

Throughout the drought-stricken forests east of the Mississippi River, the fire danger has never been greater—and the damage rarely so small

by COLES PHINIZY

ALL last week, to the distress of most farmers and every hunter, bird watcher and nature walker east of the Mississippi, gentle Indian summer basked—as it had for a month—in a bright, dry coat of autumn leaves. The weather forecasters from southern Maine south and west through Kentucky kept up an irritating chant: "Today fair and mild, tomorrow fair, little change in temperature." Day after day the loathsome sun shone and there was no rain. Everywhere water was scarce, and the rivers were down—the Tennessee, the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Potomac. At Washington Crossing, Pa., the Delaware hit its lowest point since 1932. Farmers of 452 counties in 20 states were declared eligible for federal drought loans. But, worst of all, the forests—350 million acres of commercial timber in the drought area and at least half that much again in brush and scrub—were very dry, primed for fire.

By October 27, the woods had become so dangerous that 12 of 14 states in the eastern forest region took emergency steps. Seven of them—Kentucky, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, New Jersey and West Virginia—closed their woods to all comers. Pennsylvania canceled all hunting and forbade campfires; Virginia and Maine did the same in their driest counties. Connecticut and Rhode Island prohibited campfires and smoking.

To make a bad situation a trifle worse, radio disc jockeys played Indian rain dance music while newscasters, hooting doom as their customary way, declared that the woods were as "dry as gunpowder" and foresaw holocausts "running into the millions." As the dry days rolled by, fires did indeed pop up here,

there and everywhere, each one a plague and a nuisance. But there were no holocausts, or losses in the millions, unless, taking the squirrel's point of view, you count acorns instead of dollars. The largest fire, in New Jersey, burned a mere 3,000 acres—a runt compared to the 70,000-acre burnout in south Jersey last spring. New York, the only state that seemed able to keep both fire-lighting crews and statistical crews abreast of the flames, counted 682 fires since the first of October, but none was a record breaker. Though some days a hundred fires broke out from Kentucky to Maine, most were less than 20 acres—holocausts nipped because eastern fire fighters have learned a lot in the desperate fiery springs and autumns of recent years.

As the third, dry, summery week of October ended, down in Smoky Hollow in the rumpled Allegheny ridges, far, far from the loudest cries of fiery doom, a West Virginia man who, to protect the innocent, will be known as Lester Bumble, lit a cigarette behind a privy and unwittingly dropped the smoldering match in a wedge of leaves. The fire devoured the back of the privy and also three acres of white oak and scrub pine, worth \$50 for pulp. The hungry fire would have kept on eating timber, acre after acre, but it had no chance. Within 10 minutes a U.S. forest ranger was on hand, and from separate directions seven volunteer firemen had materialized, like genies rubbed up from a lamp.

With more hunters and general outdoors lovers crowding the woods every year, eastern fire fighters have learned to strike fast; the careless match barely hits the forest floor before someone is there: federal, state or county men, and

with them, ordinary citizens who serve as wardens and fire crews. These fire crews are subject to call at any time and are paid only \$1.50 or thereabouts for every hour of actual fighting. In the big empty timber country of the West it is practical and necessary to have full-time fighters and smoke jumpers who can be dispatched far and wide. To use the same kind of manpower to protect the major forests and every little, disconnected benky tract in the crowded East is extravagant and not altogether practical. The job falls most sensibly to a levy en masse of local men who live close to the woods, so close in many cases that their own roofs are at stake.

Despite this constant surveillance and the exclusion of careless visitors from the greater part of the eastern forests, the fires still broke out. Usually there was no accounting for them. God often tosses thunderbolts around, but He has not done so once in this serene, benign autumn. Some of the fires were started by careless hunters and campers who went into the woods despite the closure, taking their cue from Henry Thoreau, a woodsman much admired for his civil disobedience. Many fires undoubtedly were arson of one sort or another—the work of nuts or delinquents and in some cases grudge fires set by hunters rankled about the closure. A few outbreaks originating on slopes well removed from fire lanes looked suspiciously like so-called "job fires," laid by wardens and fire crewmen who needed the money. The least suspect was the moonshiner. The breed still lingers in some mountain pockets, but the moonshiner must attract little attention, and so he tends his fires carefully.

As long as fires suddenly sprout in woods where the public supposedly is not, the woods must be watched and patrolled. Compared to the actual, grimy business of fire fighting, the watching and patrolling is an ordeal of dullness, a constant quest for a culprit who hopefully does not exist, a constant alert for the first smoky sign of a fire that hopefully never will be. There is no way to win, and the only release can come when the sky turns a beautiful hilly gray, then drops an inch of drenching rain. On the day that Lester

Bumble set his fire in the north end of the Monongahela National Forest, 70 miles away at the far end of the forest, Joel Hockinson, a 25-year-old forester, had completed his 10th consecutive day of mobile fire patrol. In his Chevy truck, he had been driving over bad roads up one drainage and down another, probing up the side draws and hollows, taking as much of the rutty byroads each day as his emotions and kidneys could stand.

When he first started this tour, before the final closing of the forest, Joel Hockinson's day was quite sociable, his duty to contact all hunters and anglers and advise them of the coming closure. But now, unless he finds a culprit—at the very least an authorized logger or pulp cutter who is not using spark arrestors—Hockinson talks to no one face to face. His two-channel radio is constantly on, and the ultimate in sociability is suddenly to hear the Hopkins Mountain lookout tower blare out on his radio, "KQC-2014 110-8"—which, translated, means "This is Hopkins tower, I see no fires, I am open to receive messages." Hockinson then tells the tower where he is going. After this scintillating exchange, he goes there.

Wherever he goes, he passes under and by thousands of oak, pine, yellow poplar, maple, chestnut oak, hemlock, and the dead snags of real chestnut, still standing these 30 years after the species was wiped out by fungus. He sees no bear, deer or coon, only a few furtive birds and spunky chipmunks. When he goes up long drainages looking for loggers, usually they are off deeper in the woods. He shouts in the direction where they might be, "Yohey," but only a distant ball throws his own voice faintly back in his face. At an abandoned and unsuccessful iron mine atop Beaver Lick Mountain he looks down at distant houses and cars, but only the snarling of a power saw comes to him from somewhere, mixed with the cacophony of quarreling crows. As he drives down the north fork drainage of Anthony Creek, he half hopes that Old Man Floyd Rider or at least one of his 60-year-old kads will come storming out to challenge his right to pass. Old Man Rider and the rest of the Riders are inholders, their land completely surrounded by forest land. Old Rider blew

continued



On a ridge above Charleston, W. Va., fleeing night fire spreads through the parched brush.

one of his hands only some years back while setting off dynamite to celebrate Christmas eve, but he has lost none of his inner fire. He still is wont to stop hunters passing over his privately maintained road, charging them a buck or two toll depending on what he thinks they are good for. Old Rider has fenced off some of the federal land for his own use, and when challenged by forestry men has occasionally produced a gun. The issue is now in the Attorney General's office. As he passes the Rider holdings, Hockinson sees one of the Rider women about her business on a porch, but no words, kind or harsh, are exchanged.

Ordinarily Hockinson works a five-day week, but he will continue to serve seven days a week as long as two rather obtuse but important fire-fighting indexes are stacked against him. They are called the burning index and the buildup index, two intercorrelated factors used to assess the danger of fire and to indicate how much rain is needed to wash the danger away or diminish it. During most of the time Hockinson has been on the prowl the buildup index has been a maximum of 100, the burning index also dangerously high, hitting 90. It would take a soaking rain—half an inch or more—to free Hockinson.

Two weeks ago, when Hurricane Ginny first jumped up at sea, foresters' spirits in Monongahela rose. There was little chance that the full hurricane would move across the mountain ridges, but there was the possibility that Ginny's long, spiraling, wet arms might reach across to caress the forest. The clouds came, the forest district just to the north got a trace of rain, then Ginny turned away. The indexes stayed up, the danger extreme. Hockinson had been hoping to get a weekend off so he could go home with his wife to Hollidaysburg, Pa.

From his 80-foot tower on Hopkins Mountain, Lookout Edgar Hull, whose voice often squawks cryptically on Forester Hockinson's mobile radio, can see his own house two beeline miles below him in the valley. But he has not been home since October first. If Hurricane Ginny had pushed the buildup index down he might have had an evening with his wife and daughters.

During the fire seasons—the six months of spring and fall—Edgar Hull lives in a 14-by-13 cabin at the foot of his tower. He spends most of each day in

the tower and climbs back up the 112 steps three times each night for a look around. The Hopkins tower was built by the CCC in the '30s, but there is still a comfortably safe feel about it, except when winds gust more than 25 miles and the tower cabin begins to heave like a balloon gondola trying to lift off.

But Hull is a phlegmatic man, not the sort ever to be affected by the mere functional idiosyncrasies of a tower or even by his own isolation. Though physically alone, he is not lonely. As the dispatcher for his district of the forest, he is in radio contact with all the ground activity and also operates on the same frequency as most of the other lookout towers, federal and state, for 40 miles around. The long parallel ridges of the West Virginia mountains are herringboned with small draws and hollows, and a sharply defined zone defense against fire is impossible. A fire within five miles of one tower is often first seen by another far away.

The night after Hurricane Ginny backtracked, Hull's first business was to take a report from a warden on the eastern flank of the main Allegheny ridge, in the George Washington National Forest, where a passer-by claimed to have spotted a fire. Hull tried to pass the word on to Brushy Mountain, a tower astride the Virginia-West Virginia border. Failing there, he reported directly to a fire-control officer of the George Washington Forest. Hull never saw the faintest glow nor knew if there really was a fire. (There was. It raced up a slope, with 27 men hacking fire lanes on both flanks, holding it to 35 acres until it finally played out on a crest.)

In the morning on Hull's radio there is a spate of messages for the first full hour as the ground crews and patrols report their locations and itineraries. Then a report crackles in from someone on the tower frequency: Hurricane Ginny has turned around and is coming in again. From Hull's tower it truly looks that way, the wind upping a little from the south and soft, high haze showing over the southeast rim of the mountains.

Ten minutes later Cottle Knob, a state tower, reports smoke at a heading of 67°. Red Oak tower passes the news on to the Sharp Knob tower. Sharp Knob reports that what Cottle Knob sees is the Webster City dump.

Hull's telephone rings. It is his father, who occupied this same tower for 11 years before him. The senior Hull has

been watching the *Today* show on television and merely wants to cheer his son up. The *Today* show is predicting rain for West Virginia by Saturday. (Hooray.) Hull switches to the ground channel and advises all hands that things are "4-1" (no fires).

Then, 20 minutes later, just beyond a small spur ridge west of White Sulphur Springs, Hull sees a faint drift rising. He calls the fire tower on neighboring Brushy Mountain. "It's awful light smoke," Hull advises Brushy. "I'll check it." Brushy says. It turns out to be the cloud thrown up by a farmer spreading lime. Red Oak tower hails Mike's Knob. Red Oak is seeing smoke at a 300° heading. What does Mike's Knob think? "It's that new coal tippie." Mike's Knob says. "I didn't know there was a new coal tippie." Red Oak replies, sounding a trifle hurt for having been left in the dark. Later, about 10 miles southwest of Hopkins Mountain tower, smoke billows up, but Hull ignores it totally. It is the dump of the Greenbrier Hotel in White Sulphur Springs putting out more smoke than usual.

At 2:20 p.m. on a 221° heading over Bear Wallow Ridge, easily 10 miles away, Hull sees fire for sure, a tall column of smoke rising. He passes the word on to Puddy Knob. A light plane scouts it twice. It is still smoking away when the sun goes down, and Hull, the discoverer, has no way of knowing whether six men, a dozen or a hundred are over there battling it.

As the sun sets, there are beautiful cyclonic arcs of cloud across the sky. Ginny is heading back, but one day later Ginny retreats again. Once more the burning index climbs. Although Hull is an unemotional man, when he reads the weather to the ground forces, there is disappointment in his voice. "Tonight broken clouds. No rain," he says as he has said so often. "Tomorrow, broken clouds. No rain."

Two days later a cold front pushes through. A light spatter of rain soaks the dry crackle out of the leaves. The bottom drops out of the burning index; the buildup index drops five points. Edgar Hull is allowed to come down off his mountain and say hello to his wife and kids. Puddy Knob, Red Oak and Cottle Knob and all the other eyes on the mountaintops get a few hours' relief from the long days of watching for the enemy that pops up anywhere. **END**

Light Scotch?

What are you talking about?



Color?

Some Scotches are paler than others. Lighter, that is, in color.

And since it's the fashion to order "light" Scotch, many people (especially beginners) think that the palest Scotch is the Scotch to drink.

But you can't judge a Scotch merely by looking at it.



Strength?

Others (largely of the fair sex) ask for "light" Scotch in the hope it will be weaker.

Since almost all Scotches are 86 proof, they're likely to be disappointed.

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*Menthol applied for

Nothing illustrates the increasing stature of the American Football League quite so much as a question that is no longer asked: How long do you think it will last? In its fourth season the AFL already has outlasted quite a few of its critics. Attendance is up 80,000 over 1962, and television exposure is at least equal to the long-established NFL. Best of all, the new league has arrived at a balance of power that not even its dreamiest fans envisioned three years ago. This year San Diego has defeated Boston, which had already beaten New York; New York beat Oakland, Oakland beat Houston, Houston beat Buffalo, Buffalo beat Kansas City, Kansas City beat Denver and Denver completed the circle by beating San Diego.

There is no dominant team in the league. With the exception of San Diego, the leaders in the West, every team has lost at least three games and won no more than five. And last week San Diego was upset by Oakland. The most improved team in the East is "the new New York Jets," as a character called Jet Set Jamie reminded radio listeners a dozen times a day, but even the Jets have not improved as much as the Oakland Raiders. For two years the ugliest ugly ducklings in the AFL, the Raiders are ugly no more.

In Oakland everything has been beautiful since Al Davis came to town. Davis is the new coach of the Raiders, and while new coaches are an old story in Oakland—Davis is the fourth coach in four years—this one seems different. He sometimes wins, or at least the players he coaches win, and winning is completely foreign to anything the Oakland Raiders have ever done before.

Oh, Oakland's first season wasn't too bad, at least in the light of the next two. That first year the Raiders won six and lost eight, finishing third in the Western Division of the American Football League. But in 1961 Oakland was 2-12 and last year it was even worse, 1-13. During that two-year stretch the team lost 19 games in a row. Coaches came, turned gray and departed. The team itself was homeless, moving like a band of gypsies from stadium to stadium all over the Bay area, presumably at night. Late last season, when other cities—Portland (Ore.), New Orleans, Cincinnati

continued

'I DON'T NEED MONEY, I NEED POINTS'

Young, vigorous and rich, Al Davis is a supersalesman who, in his first year as coach of the Oakland Raiders, has sold the team on making enough points to win more games than in '61 and '62 combined

by WALTER BINGHAM



and San Antonio—bad for the franchise, few people seemed to care whether the team stayed or left.

But now Al Davis has arrived, the Raiders have become a team, and people in Oakland do care. Davis is young and bright and aggressive. "Come on," he tells his players just before a game, "when you go out there, remember you're the Raiders of Oakland." He says it without the trace of a smile. "We've got to start building a tradition."

Oakland won its first two games this season, lost the next four and then battered the New York Jets 49-26. The three victories equaled Oakland's combined total for the past two years, and now, with the Raiders' fourth victory, the old men who talk football in the lobby of the Hotel Leamington in downtown Oakland are arguing whether the Raiders can win three more to finish at .500 for the first time in their brief, inglorious history—or even, the old men dream, go all the way. The little ticket office on Madison Street is actually crowded, and ears all over town have Raider stickers on their bumpers. En-

thusiasm for the team has been swept across the Bay and into San Francisco. Recently an ad appeared in the *Chronicle* offering seats to 49er games in exchange for seats to Raider games.

The man responsible for this remarkable change, Al Davis, is 34, a tall, good-looking man with powerful arms and shoulders which he keeps hard by lifting weights in his cellar. He has white, shiny teeth and blond, wavy hair which, despite constant attention, is receding on either side of the middle. Stand him on a pedestal and there he is, Mr. America.

Before coming to Oakland, Davis was an assistant coach at San Diego. Some assistant coaches specialize in offense, some in defense. Davis did a little of both, but what he did best was sell. Davis is a super-duper recruiter with oakleaf clusters, and the players he talked into playing at San Diego—Lance Alworth, Ron Mix and Paul Lowe are three—are vital in making San Diego the AFL leader this year.

Davis, the salesman, speaks in a soft, persuasive voice, looking his listener smack in the eye. "Come in, sit down and let me tell you some lies," is one of his opening gambits. He often closes a conversation with, "Hey, give me your right hand." It is slick, but friendly and apparently genuine.

Davis has a habit of injecting into his sentences little phrases such as "if you follow me" and "you understand what I mean," but because he is usually in a hurry he seldom completes them. For instance: "I don't want people to get too excited about the team, you un . . . because we're not that good yet, if you. . . ." Such phrases, or half phrases, are a part of Davis' selling technique, acting as hooks to keep the listener attached and nodding automatically. In fact the word "self" itself is active in Davis' vocabulary. "The owners sold me on the idea that they would spend more money for players," Davis said recently. And to his team: "This is what I'm trying to sell you on. Let them have the short gains."

Davis' salesmanship has been instrumental in putting 19 new players on this year's Oakland roster. He inherited a few good men, it is true, players like Jim Otto, the All-League center, Clem Daniels, the closest thing to Jim Brown in the AFL, and two quarterbacks, Colton Davidson and Tom Flores, whom Davis likes to alternate. But most of

the other players who have been a help to the team followed Davis to town. Art Powell, the finest end in professional football according to Davis, was a free agent, having played out his option with the New York Titans, now Jets. Powell had offers from many teams in both leagues, but chose Oakland and Davis. "He convinced me that his ideas on what an end can do jibed with mine," Powell says. "He allows me more flexibility. I think I can reach my peak under him." In Oakland's first eight games this season, Powell caught 43 passes, six of them for touchdowns.

One of the first moves Davis made when he took over as coach in January was to trade for Archie Matsos, a very good middle linebacker. Davis sent Buffalo three players, none of whom made the team. Matsos, a garrulous young man of Greek extraction, has been wonderful. "He lets me call the defensive signals," says Matsos. "It's the first time I've ever been allowed to do that. No hand signals from the side or anything."

Not all of Davis' player changes have required salesmanship. A week before the opening game against Houston it was clear that Davis would have to cut one offensive tackle from the squad. The Raiders had two experienced offensive tackles who had looked miserable during the exhibition season. Everyone wondered which would go and which would stay. Davis aggressively released both and signed on Frank Youso, a former New York Giant who had just been cut by Minnesota. "That really jolted the team," says an Oakland official. "It made them realize that no one's job was secure. It was a dangerous move to make, bringing in a new man just before our first game. If Youso hadn't worked out, Al might have lost the confidence of the team." But Youso did work out, and the team has come to look upon Davis as some sort of miracle man.

Although Al Davis is a young man, he has been coaching for 14 years. As a matter of fact, it could be argued that Davis has been coaching since he was a boy, playing stickball on the streets of Brooklyn. "I don't want to give the feeling I'm above and beyond," Davis says, "but I've always had the perception to understand these games. Do you follow me? I was the organizer."

Davis graduated from Erasmus Hall in Brooklyn, then went to Syracuse University. "I really wasn't much of an



PERIPATETIC AL is in a rare quiet moment at home with wife Carol and son Mark.

athletic," he insists. "I played a little football and baseball, but it would be inaccurate to say I starred or anything like that." Davis had a restless college career. "I didn't get along too well with coaches—you follow me, I didn't feel that I was understood." After a year at Syracuse he shifted to Wittenberg in Ohio for a semester. He thought he would like Wittenberg's athletic program, didn't, and moved on to a small college called Hartwick in upper New York state. He stayed there two weeks before returning to Syracuse, where he graduated. "I majored in English," he says, "but it was pointless. I remember thinking, what am I studying English for when all I want to do is coach."

Davis began his official coaching career in 1950 at Adelphi College on Long Island. He was 21. He was there two years, then went into the Army and, as a private, coached a powerful Fort Belvoir football team. Out of the Army, Davis became an assistant with the Baltimore Colts, moved on to The Citadel as line coach, then out to Southern California as an assistant in 1957. Davis' recruiting provided the Trojans with much of the manpower that made them last year's national champions.

When the American Football League was formed in 1960, Davis traveled down the California coast to San Diego. Then, last winter, Wayne Valley and Ed McGah, the principal owners of the Raiders, having decided to stick it out in Oakland for at least another season, hired Davis. Or at least they tried to hire him. Davis refused the first offer. And the second. "I didn't care for the setup," Davis explains. "This organization hadn't given anything. Besides, I didn't need the job. I still don't." It was only when the owners agreed to give Davis a three-year contract as coach and general manager that he accepted.

Davis can afford to be independent, partly because he is in demand and partly because he is a wealthy man. How wealthy he will not divulge. It has been reported that when his father died a couple of years ago Al inherited three-quarters of a million dollars. Davis scoffs at the figure, saying it is way too high, yet he drops little hints that indicate money is no problem with him. One day a waitress was trying to figure out the cost of a concoction Davis likes to drink. It consists of milk, two raw eggs and a few splashes of chocolate

syrup. Impatient, Davis said: "I don't care what you make it. I don't need money. I need points."

Not a bad-looking kid

Discussing how he met his wife, a tall, beautiful New York girl named Carol, Al says, "A friend introduced us when I was coaching at Adelphi. He thought she could handle me. You know, I wasn't a bad-looking kid and not a poor boy."

Because of the nature of Al's career, the Davises always live in rented homes. "Carol doesn't want to feel tied down," Davis says. He is away from the house much of the time. The family dog, a schnauzer, doesn't exactly growl when Davis comes in at night, but it is true that Al is still unfamiliar with his current home, a modern house high in the hills above Oakland. While showing a guest about the place the other day, Davis opened a door: "This is the den, I think," he said.

Carol is long since used to his absences. "He warned me what it would be like," she says. "But you know what it's like when you're getting married." One of Carol's major victories was getting an unlisted phone number. Anyone calling Al must do so through an answering service. "What a relief," says Carol. "We were always getting calls from players at 5 a.m. 'Coach,' they'd say, 'I just got into town. Where should I go?' Boy, I'd like to tell them where to go."

"She's a good girl," says Davis fondly. "I swear somebody's going to steal her sometime. She worries that I don't spend enough time with our son, Mark. I tell her I didn't spend an awful lot of time with my daddy, but we were close. I really loved my daddy. It's not how much time you spend, it's what you do with the time you've got."

It took Mark Davis quite a while to convert from a San Diego to an Oakland rooter. "He couldn't believe it when I took the job," says Davis. "He looked at me as if I'd sold out. You know how kids' loyalties are."

But now, after a few victories, Mark Davis is a Raider rooter, and so are more and more people in Oakland. The Raiders set an attendance record for their first home game this season, drawing 17,568. It was a modest record, to be sure, but near capacity. The Raiders play their home games in a quaint little park

called Frank Youell Field, which belongs to the Oakland Recreation Department. Someday, perhaps as soon as 1965, there will be a new municipal stadium to house the Raiders and, maybe, a major league baseball team, but for the time being Frank Youell Field is it.

Before a game, Davis works at building up the confidence of his team. "O.K., kickoff team," he will say, "start dedicating yourself." Then, to the whole squad: "Listen up. One thing I want to sell you on is poise. Win or lose, keep your poise. We can make adjustments, we can come back, no matter what happens. Just keep your poise. O.K., now you have 30 seconds on your own."

During a game Davis almost never loses his own poise. The Raiders can fumble or complete an 80-yard pass for a touchdown, Davis remains in virtually the same pose, one hand on his chin, the other on the opposite elbow. His expression of intense concentration rarely changes. Only occasionally is he overcome by anger. One such instance occurred in the second game of the season when Buffalo scored on the final play of the first half. Back in the dressing room, Davis was seething.

"Where the hell do you go on an Oklahoma defense?" he yelled at a player.

"Straight back," said the man.

"Straight back, hell," roared Davis.

"You go into the slot."

"Yeah, that's where I was, in the slot," the player said.

"Well, that's right where the ball was thrown," Davis stalked off. A few minutes later, under control, Davis spoke to the team. "It was my mistake going into the Oklahoma," he said softly. "We'll go back to dogging. They're tough, but we can beat them." Then, his voice rising, he said, "Now let's remember who we are out there. We're Raiders." Later, at a restaurant, Davis asked a friend: "How did that sound? Did it sound foolish?" At the time it sounded grand.

"You see, I'm trying to build a tradition," Davis said. "When my players go home at the end of the season and people ask them what team they play for, I don't want them to say 'Oakland Raiders.'" Davis whispered the words and lowered his eyes. "I want them to say 'OAKLAND RAIDERS.'" Davis threw out his chest. "But it's going to take a while and people will just have to be patient." Al Davis does not have to sell Oakland rooters. They are already sold. **END**

If it rains on Sunday, professional football players go out in it. For the pros there is, to be sure, no choice. The game remains the thing—mud and all. But just under the mud that covers the big man's uniform is still the thin skin and heart of the boy. Rolling around in the slop used to be something

WHEN THE PROS PLAY THE GAME IN MUD TIME

he only dreamed about, always fearful of a clothes-washing, child-spanking mother. Now, at maturity, the contrary is true. If a player can manage to come out of the mess looking like the man sitting on the bench (right), he will be roundly cheered by coach and fan. The layer of ooze that cakes his legs and knees and eyebrows becomes—win or lose—his special trophy, his glory of the day. Ironically, the heart and soul of the team, the quarterback, is often the last to be smeared with the grimy cloak of honor. On the next page San Francisco's John Brodie stands out in a shocking display of cleanliness. But sooner or later one of those big linemen will get to him and make him part of the muddy throng.









Weary and incredibly dirty, the players move slowly off the field after a game. Soon they will be basking under a hot, hot shower. But for the fans who have paid good money for the privilege of sitting in a damp seat for two hours the journey to warmth is long. For an hour they will shuffle along in a steaming crowd of damp wool, still thinking what tough cookies ballplayers are.

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THE BOOKIES OF DOOM

The caste of athletes is as old as history. So is the caste of insurance salesmen: in ancient Babylonia, merchants underwrote the caravans through loans that were paid back when the goods arrived. Only in recent years, however, have the two broad industries of insurance and sport recognized the financial opportunities that each provides for the other. Today they are so closely mated that every kick, dribble, stroke, wheel and lace of sport is insured against life's impending dooms.

Dooms are everywhere, of course, and they range from oversusding to earthquakes. Perhaps the most impending of them all in the mind of the sports fan—or sports executive—is a plane crash in which a whole athletic team would perish. Humans have an inborn fear of flying. Nearly every comedian has a routine about it. And it was an acknowledgment of this fear, coupled, perhaps, with the fear of going broke, that prompted the owners of professional baseball and football teams to adopt disaster plans

whereby, through insurance, a ball club could be restocked with players in the event of a crash.

The National Football League has a plan which allows the owner of any team lost through an air disaster to collect \$2.25 million from the insurance underwriters. Half of that sum would serve to help a team immediately purchase proven talent from the remaining squads in the league; the balance would be working capital for the future. The premium costs \$1,342.85 per club. In baseball the American League has what it prefers to call a "rehabilitation plan." Under any name, the plan provides a \$1,875,000 policy for the purpose of restocking a club—at \$75,000 a player—after it has lost seven or more players through a crash. The premium costs about \$50,000 for the three-year period and is prorated among the 10 American League teams.

The National League has no such disaster plan, but the league does provide a \$50,000 traveling policy for every individual player and coach. The league bears

the entire cost of the premiums, which total about \$10,000 per year. In the event of a disaster, President Warren Giles says an emergency meeting of owners would be called and a club restocked. "We feel you can deal better and more generously when a man is in trouble than if you have a prearranged plan," says Giles. He said something very much like this before his team owners stocked the Mets.

Baseball takes the precaution to insure itself against a lot of other things besides plane crashes. It worries about public liability, property, fire, theft and—sometimes—a wild throw or a wicked foul. The clubs do not insure their superheroes against sore arms and chipped bones (the players have their own policies), nor do they insure themselves against the loss of revenue in case a superstar gets hurt ("I wish we could," says Yankee Publicity Man Bob Fishel). However, the clubs are protected if a ball park collapses, gets flooded, burns down or if a spectator breaks a leg chasing a foul.

Athletes who break legs and other as-



Some of the biggest plungers in the world of sport are insurance men who bet millions on a happy ending for everything from a ski-slope avalanche to a golfer's misstep into a deep sand trap **by DAN JENKINS**

sorted limbs accidentally are equally covered as insurance weaves its web around sports. A professional golfer, for only \$350 a year, can collect \$500 to \$15,000 for hitting a tree root with his club, depending on how hard he hits it and on how long his wrist or hand or arm suffers from the impact. Professional football players are insured against flying tackles just as pro baseball players are insured against flying Coke bottles. Jockeys are insured against broken bones if a Thoroughbred bucks them off, and Thoroughbred owners are insured against accidents to their horses. Among the amateurs, the NCAA offers each member school a policy for its intercollegiate athletes covering everything from a stubbed toe on a baseball field to a fatal crash of the team bus. Skiers are insured against faulty chair lifts, and ski lodges are insured against fallible skiers. Aspen, for example, carries \$200,000 for individual liability, with maximum payment by the insurance company of \$1 million for any one accident. Nobody can insure against

a lack of success in sports, but anyone can insure against not being able to try.

The business of insuring, *i.e.*, setting the odds on, an athlete's survival has brought into the field some bold, new sportsmen. They are not to be found on the sports pages of the newspapers, because they make forward passes with quick smiles instead of footballs, and they only race their Jaguars to the banks. These are the men who sell sports insurance and, like the fine print in their contracts, they are everywhere.

The best place to find them is in that ponderous market for calculated risks known as Lloyd's of London. Since the 17th century, the underwriters who sit in a vast hall known as The Room at Lloyd's have been prepared to provide insurance of every conceivable kind. It was through Lloyd's that Actress Bette Davis insured her waistline, that a department store in Sydney, Australia covered its employees against accidental death caused by a Russian satellite circling the earth, that the odds on a moth-

er giving birth to twins were figured (at 23 to 1) before the fourth month of pregnancy. And, naturally, it was at Lloyd's that nearly all of the peculiar types of sports insurance began.

Most of the underwriters at Lloyd's look like distinguished bankers. They can evaluate the laws of probability and set the rate for every human fear. Said one of the Lloyd's brokers recently, "Underwriting is a sort of controlled gamble where you set the odds on a situation and think you will win. You always walk a tightrope, and the trick is not to slip too often."

One broker at Lloyd's who almost never slips is Peter Nottage, the lanky, austere director of a firm that deals primarily in what are known as contingency risks. "Lloyd's dealings in sport come largely under three headings," explains Nottage. "First, there is coverage for the abandonment of events for any reason, the chief one being the weather. Second, Lloyd's insurance covers disability or death of any sportsman, and third, there

continued

is insurance to cover receipts of U.S. theaters handling closed-circuit TV in case there is a breakdown in the broadcast or an inability to pick up the signal." Lloyd's closed-circuit coverage for boxing includes only heavyweight world championships. The promoters of both Patterson-Liston fights took out \$1 million against breakdown. As for boxing's other weight divisions, Nottage says, "The underwriters feel that below the heavyweight level the moral hazard in boxing is too great a risk."

Disability and death insurance for individual athletes are placed at Lloyd's in varying amounts. Arnold Palmer has a \$500,000 policy that costs him \$7,500 per year. This is one of the bigger policies, with one of the latter premiums—though the rate is not high considering the payment involved. A much higher rate is the one levied against pre- and postseason college football games, of which Lloyd's is very wary. One all-star game has developed such a reputation for injuries that the sponsors must now pay a premium of \$100 per man to cover injuries, with a maximum payoff of a mere \$1,200 on any single player.

Besides these more or less standard policies, Lloyd's brokers have placed insurance on every aspect of sports from

Irish Sweepstakes tickets (a ticket holder insures against his horse not starting the race) to mountain climbing. Jim Whittaker, a member of the U.S. Mount Everest climbing team, wanted extended coverage on the expedition, and Lloyd's was the only place he could get it. "I had liability insurance when I was a guide on Mount Ruiner," Whittaker says, "but on expeditions, no. However, for Everest, I wanted more. Lloyd's insured me, and several others, for six months. The premium was \$100 for \$10,600. I took out \$500 worth." It was life insurance only and did not cover accidents unless a climber lost a whole foot or arm. "They were pretty smart," Whittaker adds. "Fingers and toes lost from frostbite didn't count. As it turned out, two members of the expedition were frostbitten and lost all of their toes."

Overall, says Lloyd's Peter Nottage, the insurance record with sports is fairly good and getting better all the time.

One reason the overall payment record has been good for the brokers is that they have improved their knowledge of the odds through painful experience. A risk that caused considerable woe to the underwriters was their much-publicized hole-in-one guarantee. The sponsors of the Palm Springs Golf Clas-

sic offered a bonus of \$50,000 to any professional who scored an ace on any hole during the tournament. The sponsors then got Lloyd's to insure the tournament for the full amount against any hole in one. For three years running, an ace was scored, and Lloyd's underwriters had to pay up the full amount each time. Now the coverage is restricted to a specific hole named before the tournament begins, because the brokers insisted they deserved a "more sporting chance."

Milison-dollar Ache

The hole-in-one payoffs, however, were a long way from being the largest that Lloyd's has faced in sports. That distinction still is held by the amount handed over to Edgehill Farms, Incorporated and the Turfland Corporation, the owners of Bally Ache, the 1960 winner of the Preakness. After his victory, Bally Ache was a doomed horse. First, he suffered a wind puff and was sent to pasture to rest. When he returned to racing, he fractured a bone. He was placed in a cast and given antibiotics. Eventually Bally Ache developed acute colitis, of which he finally died. The owners received \$1 million.

This was not the only grief Lloyd's has suffered from racehorses. The underwriters once went into horse breeding. They had insured a California Thoroughbred named Your Host, owned by Film Producer William Goetz, for \$250,000. Not long after, the horse broke its right foreleg, and Goetz feared that his animal would have to be destroyed. Lloyd's, however, paid off the full mortality to Goetz and then, after checking with American veterinary experts, the underwriters kept him as a stallion. But they did not keep him long enough. After Lloyd's sold Your Host to a syndicate for \$140,000, he sired Kelso, racing's second biggest money winner.

In the U.S. the organization that has derived the most profit and pain from racehorses is the Animal Insurance Company of America. AICA has carried insurance on many of the best-known Thoroughbreds—Carry Back, Tom Fool and Turn-to—and even paid out \$100,000 on Bally Ache. Originally, the company had written the policy on Bally Ache but had fortunately laid off the bulk of it with Lloyd's. AICA has also written insurance on cattle, dogs and cats. They started writing policies on animals six years ago because, as one

continued



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BOOKIES OF DOOM

executive put it, "Horses, dogs and cats have become members of the American family." The flat rate for dog insurance is \$10 per \$100, the maximum being \$15,000. And no dog over 9 years old is insurable with AICA.

"This is not cut-and-dried insurance," the executive continued. "Only people who really love animals can be in this line of work. We have to be able to conjure up a picture of what the animal is like, so we have an identification that carried through with the clients. You take Bully Ache. He was the kind of horse you could really love." Despite this happy affair with animals, two months ago the company saw more profit in insuring people and has abandoned its four-legged friends.

In Chicago, meanwhile, a young executive named Paul Copello is plunging more deeply into sports insurance each day. Only 33, Copello is already the insurance expert for skiers. Copello now writes commercial liability insurance for 160 ski areas in the U.S., covering everything from a creaky chair lift to a bungee dog. The annual premiums range from \$300 to \$16,000, varying according to location of the area, its size, types of ski lifts, experience and quality of management. Copello is now attempting to write a package plan that will cover everything an area owns and a few things it never wants—like a year with no snow. He has already written a one-year policy covering the U.S. Olympic team during the full training program and the actual Olympic Games. The plan will cost \$14.25 per person to insure everyone on the team against any accident at any ski site. Copello also writes blanket medical policies (\$2,000) on all members of the U.S. Ski Association. "But that's a losing proposition," he insists. "Over the last five years payments are averaging \$1.35 for every \$1 taken in." Copello's largest payment was \$26,200; it was due to an off-season accident at a ski resort when a sightseer was knocked off a chair-lift platform onto the rocks below.

Paul Copello is a first-class skier himself, as is his wife, and he has been specializing in ski coverage for four years. "We get requests for various modifications and types of ski insurance, like avalanches and forest fires. And especially since so many lodges are diversifying with pastimes like swimming, skating, fish ponds, riding and dog sleds.



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We've had one request from a place which wanted to insure a helicopter to fly the skiers from the main location to a higher peak. We will insure against dogs biting guests in a sled, but we will never insure skiers flying in helicopters."

The biggest problem confronting the writers of ski insurance is that too many skiers today are sue-happy. "If they crash into a tree," says one insurance man, "they sue the operator because the tree shouldn't be there." They can sue, but they may not collect any damages. A few years ago a U.S. District Court ruled that the owner of a ski trail was not liable if a skier tripped on a tree stump that was too thinly covered with snow. In his opinion, the judge said, "the skier who takes part in such a dangerous sport is not seeking a retreat for meditation, but faces its dangers openly. If he is timorous, he should stay at home." Hitting another skier? Well, that can be a pretty slippery business. In Germany in 1959 a judge decided in favor of an elderly skier who was rammed by a young schussboomer. "The skier commits an offense if he doesn't control his speed so as to be able to stop before collision," said the judge, awarding damages. Aside from the vistas of ski liability insurance that the case may have opened, it conjured up mental pictures of hillside police and radar traps in the snow.

Golfers, too, have been awarded judgments for being hit by the errant shots of other golfers. And the players on the professional tour, though they are in little danger from stray shots, have been outstandingly successful in picking up fat insurance payoffs for other calamities. A few years ago an extraordinary number of pros were inadvertently hitting tree roots with long irons and collecting disability. The man who made possible this bizarre bonanza was a nattily dressed executive in Dallas named James Hereford. In one giant swoop seven years ago Hereford went out on the tour and sold insurance to 250 pros. He was able to do it because he knew a lot of the golfers, both by name and by psychology.

A five-handicap player himself, Hereford knew that the self-sympathetic moaning of golfers had always been as much a part of the game as unrepaired divots. He knew too that the game's greatest meaners, pound for pound, were the greatest shotmakers—the touring pros. The pros have a firm belief that the player among them who is sick or

continued

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BOOKIES OF DOOM

injured will win a tournament or a big purse in the same week that he has been bitten by an alligator shoe and nearly strangled by a crawling alpaca sweater. Jimmy Hereford's idea was that the pros had talked themselves into being the most accident-prone athletes in the non-perilous sports field. They were push-overs for his inexpensive (\$350) policy.

The thing that not even Hereford realized was that the pros really are almost as accident-prone as paratroopers. More than \$200,000 in claims have now been paid out. The claims have run so high that Hereford has had to place the business in three different places. Even Lloyd's of London surrendered it.

"It's not that the boys have tried to get to anybody," says Hereford. "They're just unlucky."

They might be unlucky at having accidents, but they are lucky to have Hereford. Doug Sanders, for example, was leading the Colombian Open in 1958 when he tore some ligaments in his right ankle while attempting to hit a shot from behind a tree. He did not win the tournament, but he got \$4,000 on a claim—which was more than first money. Since then Sanders' daughter has slammed a motel door on his finger, he has slipped down in a rowboat and he has been jolted from behind in an automobile while waiting for a signal light to change. "Old Doug hasn't always collected," says Hereford, "but he still may be golf insurance's leading money winner."

Julius Boros, the 1963 U.S. Open champion, has fallen off a sofa and broken his toe, and he has had his other foot injured when his small son jumped on it (he collected both times for a total of \$3,000). Australian Bruce Crampton tumbled down an unlighted stairway and smashed his arm through a window glass (\$1,800). Tony Lema, long before he began drinking champagne, was flipped by a throw rug (\$1,200). And Jack Burke is the leading luffer of tree roots, with \$3,000 in claims.

The injuries are constant to the pros, and Jimmy Hereford's files reveal that more than 50 of them have received payments for temporary disability, which range from Gardner Dickinson's aching back (\$15,000) to Mike Fetchick's blistering heel (\$800). The basic rule is that the golfer's injury, on or off the fairway, must result in an accidental physical handicap and not in a psychosomatic spell of three-putting.

END



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When the International Olympic Committee gathered in Baden-Baden, Germany a fortnight ago to award the 1968 Games to one of four petitioning cities, committee members found themselves reeling before the pitch made by Detroit. The Motor City contingent arrived in Baden-Baden 45 strong, towing along a mayor, a governor and enough movie footage to film *Cleopatra* all over again. They assailed the IOC with a multitude of speeches, lobbied until their tonsils ached and threatened the eyesight of everyone for miles around with photographic evidence of the wonders of southern Michigan. In the end, the IOC awarded the 1968 Olympics to Mexico City, a long shot because of its mile-high altitude. Mexico, with virtually no "presentation," won by simply asking and answering a question.

"Altitude?" a Mexico City representative asked one day. "Why, the altitude won't bother the athletes."

"It won't?" said the IOC. "Well, in that case you're it."

Detroit's mistake may have been in not carrying its Hollywood presentation just a bit farther and bringing along its Hollywood-born Olympic torch. As any boy scout knows, fire may be produced simply by rubbing two sticks together, particularly matchsticks, and in retrospect it seems a little foolish that Detroit decided to import fire from Los Angeles, 2,600 miles away. But the Los Angeles Coliseum was the site of the last Olympic Games held in the U.S., back in 1932, and Detroit developed this thing about the symbolism—not to mention the publicity value—of carrying an Olympic torch from Los Angeles to Detroit by a relay of runners. So they fired it up (the lighting actually took place at the Los Angeles City Hall instead of at the Coliseum, but what the heck) and the runners headed East.

I first heard about the relay when, along with other members of the University of Chicago Track Club, I received this letter from Coach Ted Hayden: "Everyone across the country has climbed on the bandwagon [very few of the organizers could run far with the torch]

The Light (Torch Division) That Failed

They carried the flame from the Coast to Michigan. It died at times—and so did Detroit's big hopes

and we have been asked to cooperate by taking the distance from Cicero, Illinois to Dyer, Indiana between 4 p.m. and midnight on Tuesday, October 8. Please indicate your availability on the enclosed card."

This sounded reasonable enough, but as the torch approached Illinois, word spread that instead of early evening our chore would come in the early morning—from 2 to 6 a.m.

"Well, if you really need me, call me," said ex-Olympic runner Ted Wheeler, among others. Then he went home and disconnected the telephone.

Paul O'Shea, a Bell Telephone public-relations man and local AAU long-distance-running chairman, had charge of nursing the torch along the highways of Illinois. Plans were to route the torch past Chicago's City Hall, enabling Mayor Richard J. Daley to say a few appropriate words. But the city fathers frowned on any interruption of the rush-hour traffic flow. They had a better idea. Bring the torch through town at 4 in the morning, they insisted. In Chicago

especially, you can't fight city hall.

"Will any officials be on hand?" I asked O'Shea.

"We couldn't even get a street cleaner out at that hour in the morning," he said.

Dh well, I thought, we'll have a torch. We won't run in total darkness.

Even as we planned, the torch was coming rapidly toward us. Jim Beatty jogged the first mile out of Los Angeles. Through California 16 runners carried the butane-fed torch varying distances. By the Arizona state line, the torch was 15 hours ahead of schedule. (Those fast California tracks, I thought.) Following along day and night was an entourage of station wagons and a Dodge Motor Home, a bus that sleeps eight. AAU officials, Detroit newspapermen and teamsters supplied by Jimmy Hoffa as drivers formed the official party.

In Lubbock, Texas a coed named Mary Coral Rose, a part-time hurdler and full-time beauty, asked to participate. "I don't think the AAU wants women to run," said Wayne Klein, director of the torch relay.

"Well, suppose you just look the other way while I run," drawled Miss Rose. He did and she did.

The torch reached the Mississippi River still ahead of schedule, catching the Illinois relay men, so to speak, flat-footed. So Missouri's runners took the torch 50 miles across the border to Litchfield. Then a group of Southern Illinois University track men ran it to Springfield, still ahead of schedule.

To slow things down, O'Shea, who had driven to St. Louis to supervise the torch's progress through his state, recruited a 250-pound Junior Chamber of Commerce president. "Now when you get the torch, walk!" said Paul. The sight of so large a track man must have unnerved the SIU runner. He ran right on past. Eventually they wrenched the torch from him a mile down the road. At the Illinois Tollway the toll collector was supposed to light a cigar from the torch for photographers. Fortunately, since progress had been slowed enough already, no photographers showed. By

continued

the time the torch approached the outskirts of Chicago it was 45 minutes behind schedule.

"Someone took a wrong turn," explained O'Shea. We were standing on the Congress Expressway five miles west of downtown Chicago. A high school runner had gone seven miles out of his way onto Route 83. Like the rats tailing the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the entire entourage followed him.

Ten minutes later the bus—with Olympic Torch Relay printed bravely on both sides—pulled off onto the shoulder where we were standing. Two young men wearing cowboy hats, long beards and dark circles under their eyes emerged. O'Shea introduced them as Wayne Klein, the torch relay director, and Al Blanchard of *The Detroit News*.

"Interest in the torch has been building," explained Blanchard, sleepy-eyed. "At first no one noticed us. Then cars that passed on the highway would stop and wait for us to go by. It's been an exciting trip. Crossing the desert, one of the runners killed a rattlesnake with a rock. During the night the rattlers crawl out and lie on the hot pavement."

"Oh," I said. I was glad the only hazards in Chicago were drunks and robbers.

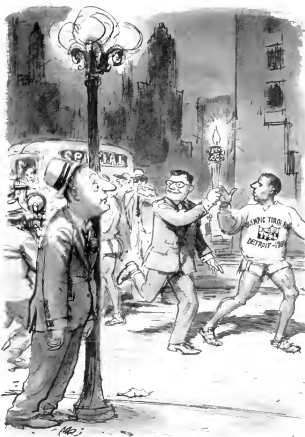
Off on the horizon a long string of headlights slowly approached. A runner strode in front of the lead car, torch in hand. I stepped out onto the highway, my chest swelling under a sweat shirt that said, "Olympic Torch Relay—Orotron, 1968." I crouched like the anchor man in a quarter-mile relay. What if I drop the baton? I wondered nervously. I grabbed the torch and ran off feeling like the Statue of Liberty.

One of the half dozen station wagons pulled alongside. "If the torch goes out,

keep running," said a voice. "We'll pass you another." I was horrified to hear that the torch might ever go out. Somehow I supposed that if the flame died we would return to Los Angeles and start all over again. After a mile I passed the torch off to the next runner, Ed Alex-

jun. His mother-in-law wanted to see him carry it, otherwise he would have stayed home. She cheered as Ed went by. I stopped and climbed into O'Shea's car.

"Let's get down to city hall," he said. Two miles down the road, a flashing blue light appeared in his rearview mirror—



A DRUNK STARED WIDE-EYED AS THE JAYCEE PASSED THE TORCH TO DEAGON JONES

and it was not the police car that had been guarding the runner.

"You were going 65 in a 50-mile zone," snarled the policemen.

"We're in the torch run to city hall," we said, emphasizing city hall and pointing at our sweat shirts.

"Slow that car to a walk or you're going to jail instead!"

At city hall Coach Ted Haydon stood in the center of a group of runners. Otherwise the streets were empty. A drunk conventioner wobbled by and stared wide-eyed at the sweat-suited athletes. He shook his head and staggered on. I spotted the Olympic-torch bus parked about a block away from city hall. I waved at Al Blanchard in the front seat. "General Grant is sleeping in back," he said jerking a thumb rearward toward Klein. A reporter from the *Detroit Free Press*, nodding at the wheel of the bus, was startled wide-awake.

"You're one of the runners," he said, reaching for his notebook as if by reflex.

"What's your name?"

"Higdon," I said, then spelled it five times.

"Your school?"

"I don't go to school."

"Your job then?"

"I'm a magazine writer."

He looked as though he had been had. I tried to hide the notebook I carried under my arm.

I quizzed Blanchard later. "It was 125° crossing the desert," he said. "The torch got so hot it blistered the hands of the runners. We had to snuff it out and hand them a cold torch."

Disillusionment again set in.

"But we always kept the torch moving," he added. "That's the one rule."

The approach of the torch, carried by a De Paul student, interrupted our conversation. Richard L. Hollander, president of the local Jaycees, stepped into the street smiling broadly. Deacon Jones, an Olympic steeplechaser in '56 and '60 who was to get the torch after Hollander, prepared for his ordeal by snuffing out a cigarette on the sidewalk. A newspaper photographer cocked his Speed Graphic. If there had been a crowd they would have hushed.

"Wake up, General Grant," Blanchard yelled to the rear of the bus. Klein only moaned.

The De Paul runner handed the flam-

ing torch to Hollander. "Want, let me get a picture of that," said the photographer.

"Don't stop," shouted Blanchard.

"That's the one rule!"

Hollander walked 20 feet with the torch and handed it to Jones, who sprinted off in the direction of Michigan Avenue, followed by the caravan of station wagons. Ted Haydon and his half dozen runners hopped into a Volkswagen Micro Bus like clowns in a circus. "See you at the Indiana state line," yelled one of the runners in the Micro Bus as it gunned past the Deacon.

A mile up the road the Micro Bus disgorged another runner. He took the torch, and Jones climbed into one of the station wagons. Several exchanges later I ran with the torch for another mile, passed it off, and sprinted for a nearby service station. "Can I use your rest room?" I asked.

The attendant looked at me as though I had just arrived from outer space.

"Want me to clean your glasses too?" he asked.

Grant to the rescue

Back in the street I discovered that the caravan had left me. The flashing blue light of the police car accompanying the torch runner was four blocks up the street. I began to run after it. A few minutes later the bus swept past me. "Want a ride?" asked General Grant, leaning out the window. I shook my head.

The only other occupant of the street at that hour, a black mongrel dog, crossed in front of me. We eyed each other suspiciously.

I caught the torch runner on the incline leading up onto the Calumet Skyway, a seven-mile-long stretch of elevated highway that runs to the Indiana state line. At the next exchange I hopped into Haydon's Micro Bus, stumbling over the legs of runners jammed in the back seat. It smelled like a gym that hadn't been aired in 60 years. "Whew, I'd rather be outside," I commented, wrinkling my nose. "So get back outside," someone said, throwing a sweat shirt in my face.

At the next exchange Jones changed over from the station wagon to the Micro Bus. "Hey, man, they're going to stop at the tollgate and light a cigar," he said. "That was two tollgates ago," I informed him.

When the runner with the torch reached the tollgate, he swept through unchallenged, but the attendant put up his arms to halt the caravan of cars. "We're from the Olympic Torch Relay," explained Haydon, moving his car into gear. I pointed at my sweat shirt.

"I don't care who you're from, you still have to pay," said the attendant.

"I'll pay," shouted someone from one of the rear station wagons. Haydon, eyeing the disappearing runner, started to move the car.

"Wait a minute. Nobody goes through until everybody pays." Meanwhile the runner disappeared from sight.

I switched to O'Shea's less-odorous car and we sped ahead to the Indiana state line. We drove down a ramp off the Skyway onto Indianapolis Boulevard. Gathered at a street corner were motorcycles, state police cars and more people than we had seen all the way from city hall. A half dozen runners from George Rogers Clark High School, the next torchbearers, huddled in the dawn around their coach.

"The torch will be here in 10 minutes," announced O'Shea.

"I brought some extra runners along," said the coach. "I wonder if it would be all right to let them run too?"

"Anything you want to do. It's your baby now," said O'Shea. He had followed the torch's progress through Illinois for 38 hours and at that point wouldn't have cared if they had dunked it in Lake Michigan—just as long as they kept it moving. With the announcement that they would all be allowed to run, the eyes of the high school runners lit up with excitement. I could visualize them 40 years from now telling their grandchildren about this night—except by now it was morning.

Suddenly the last Illinois runner appeared down the ramp off the Skyway and handed the torch to the first Indiana runner. Motorcycles, state police cars and station wagons whirled past us one by one. "Don't forget," shouted Paul after the Clark track coach. "You're supposed to hand the torch to Joie Ray in front of the Gary YMCA at 7!"

The last vehicle in the caravan was the bus. General Grant leaned his head out the window and said in a hoarse voice: "See you later, sometime."

Not, alas, in 1968.

END

A sudden abundance of big lines in the Big Ten

Almost everybody has heard the old story. This football coach was driving through the Minnesota farm land one day. He saw this big, raw-horned kid plowing in the field and asked him which way to the city. When the kid picked up the plow and pointed with it, the coach knew he had found another Big Ten tackle.

If the story was amusing 30 years ago when college football's linemen stood a strapping 6 feet 1 and weighed a ponderous 215 pounds, it now should be the

most hilarious anecdote on the whole roast-beef circuit, because Big Ten linemen today are big enough and strong enough to point with tractors.

There are a lot of theories about why people are getting bigger. Shoe and suit and theater-seat manufacturers are all supposed to be concerned about the trend. Some believe the reasons lie somewhere within or among better prenatal care, better medical care in childhood, better diets, more athletic activity and vitamins. Pragmatic Big Ten recruiters

don't care what the reason is as long as they manage to get their share of the big people. The evidence is that after a hiatus of some six years they have done so, and now the Big Ten is back with a firm hold on many of the best interior linemen of the country (see cover).

Before 1957 it was considered almost natural law that the Midwest had the good lines, but in that year the Big Ten instituted its "need program," an attempt to regulate athletic scholarships on the basis of a student's finances, or lack of them. The program remained in effect through 1961, but it resulted in a modest de-emphasis. Most Big Ten coaches feel they are just now getting over the experiment that profligate Big Eight schools—notably Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas, who recruited in Big Ten territory—more than it did their own conference.

But that is done with now. While last year was distinguished in the Big Ten for the quality of its top linemen—among them Ed Bulde and Dave Behrman of Michigan State, Boh Vogel and Daryl Sanders of Ohio State, Bobby Bell of Minnesota and Don Brumm of Purdue—this season there is quantity. Wisconsin Coach Milt Bruhn, who has the best won-lost record in the conference over the last five seasons and whose team, while upset Saturday by Ohio State 13-10, may still win the title, says, "The material is everywhere. It's bigger and faster."

His center and co-captain, Ken Bowman, one of the Big Ten's outstanding linemen, is more explicit. "Last year," says Bowman, "I played at 212 and no one pushed me around. Now I'm 230, and I'm getting pushed plenty. Even the dark-horse teams are big and tough."

At the start of the season there was no bigger dark horse than Illinois. Coach Pete Elliott's team had won but two games in 1962, and the year before had lost all nine. But Elliott had done the best recruiting job in the conference in the past two seasons and suddenly the word went around: he had animals. If Elliott could harass them enough to make them angry, look out.

The most ferocious of Elliott's linemen are 6-foot-3, 237-pound Center Dick Butkus, the best linebacker in the country, and 6-foot-4, 260-pound Tackle Archie Sutton. He also has a swarm of Goliath-like sophomores and juniors who seem likely to complete Illinois' recruit-

continued

POWERFUL LINEBACKER DICK BUTKUS IS LEADING ILLINOIS BACK TO TOP RANK





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ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

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gence as a power. Mostly Pete Elliott recruited in Chicago and its suburbs, which, with 200 high schools, is one of the great reservoirs of talent from which all Big Ten schools—and Notre Dame—draw.

If Chicago had provided no other player than Dick Butkus, Illinois would be played. Among all of the other promising sophomores and juniors on Elliott's rejuvenated team, Butkus is the player he most wanted and recruited the hardest. At Chicago Vocational High School, Butkus was a fullback who had power and speed. More important, he made roughly 70% of his team's tackles on defense. Every Big Ten school wanted him, but they were not sure how to use him. Elliott was, though. He convinced Butkus he should play linebacker—for Illinois.

With good lateral speed, brute strength and a "feel" for plays, Butkus made 78 tackles in Illinois' first five games and seems certain to be chosen on the various All-America teams. "He has that uncommon knack for doing the right thing at the right time, and I've never seen him take a loafing step," says Elliott.

Other Big Ten linemen the pros are interested in include Carl Eller, Minnesota, 6-foot-5½, 245-pound tackle. (The pros say: best pass rusher in the conference. Can weigh 270. Great strength in his arms for dealing off blockers. Good as any of the Big Ten's best last year.) Matt Snorton, Michigan State, 6 feet 4, 245 pounds, end. (The pros say: good as he wants to be. Great potential as tight end.) Roger Pillath, Wisconsin, 6-foot-3½, 240-pound tackle. (The pros say: quick, tough to move and strong. Will get bigger. Handles the double team block better than any.) Ken Bowman, Wisconsin, 6 feet 2½, 230, center. (The pros say: best offensive center in Big Ten. Perfected techniques. Picks up the blitz with rare polish. Still gaining weight.) Jack Cvercko, Northwestern, 6-foot, 235-pound guard. (The pros say: something of a risk because of chronic knee trouble, but otherwise one of top linemen in nation. Great determination and technique. Powerful one-on-one blocker, good trapper, exceptional speed, perfect attitude.)

All five graduate this year. Among the juniors, in addition to Butkus and Sutton, are Minnesota Linebacker Frank Marchlewski, 6 feet 2, 230 pounds; Purdue Tackle James Garcia, 6 feet 4,

235 pounds; Wisconsin Tackle Roger Jacobazzi, 6 feet 3, 235 pounds; Northwestern Center Joe Corne, 6 feet 2, 234, and Joe Szeczeko, 6 feet, 235. There is a host of equally talented sophomores.

The man in the Big Ten who is perhaps most preoccupied with linemen is Northwestern's Ara Parseghian, who has more trouble getting them than anyone else. Lack of depth goes with Parseghian and Northwestern, the only privately endowed school in the conference, like wind goes with Chicago's streets. Worse still, every time it appears that Parseghian has done something to solve his problem, Northwestern's line cracks in the middle, and late season opponents run through it as merrily as ducklings in an animated cartoon.

Parseghian thought all might be different this year. Although he does not get the marginal recruits who go to the state-supported schools, he came up with some fine line prospects to go with the passing of slender Tom Myers. Even injuries, primarily to Guards Cvercko and Larry Zeno, which cut down the strength of his interior, had not dimmed his hopes as he approached last week's game against Michigan State with four victories and only a 10-9 loss behind him.

A late fader

Unfortunately, when a gorgeous, cloudless day greeted 51,013 for Northwestern's homecoming at Evanston, the results for Parseghian were sadly the same as in the past. Northwestern got off to a 7-0 lead, but in the second half the Wildcat line was torn open for one boiling 87-yard run by Michigan State's Sherman Lewis. At the end the Spartans' Duffy Daugherty celebrated the announcement of a new five-year coaching contract with a 15-7 victory.

Facing a variety of storming defenses, including a safety blitz that Northwestern could not pick up quickly enough, Tom Myers had one of his worst days. He completed only nine of 26 passes and had two intercepted. He was thrown for 61 yards in losses by the swarming Spartan rushers. Some of Myers' passes were dropped, but Myers' slowness in avoiding the rush had him throwing badly off balance.

On the other hand, State's small Lewis (5 feet 9, 152 pounds) made Northwestern defenders tackle too diffidently with his on-balance running. Aside from the record 87-yard touchdown run, Lewis got off an 84-yard punt return, intercepted a pass and caught a 29-yard touch-

down pass lying flat on his back. Lewis' all-round performance was one of 1963's very best, and although Northwestern's defense broke down badly only once, the lapse and Lewis were enough to give Michigan State the game.

"I know you hear it said that a passing team doesn't play the real tough defense," said Parseghian. "But we played well. Lewis was the difference. He's been the difference against a lot of people. We don't think of ourselves as a passing team. We like balance. But you do what you can do best. What are we going to do with Myers? Make him a split T runner?"

Northwestern is not the only Big Ten team that passes. The conference average is about 20 throws per game. But there is a paradox. They are making fewer points. As Illinois, Ohio State and Michigan State moved into a tie with 2-0-1 records, each was averaging a fraction more than two touchdowns a game.

"I guess they're scoring less because of the tougher defenses," says Parseghian. "But the season's only half over. I think you'll see some scoring."

Northwestern is now, at a very early date, almost out of the championship race after being the favorite. While most Big Ten people believe that Northwestern will never win a championship because it cannot recruit enough of the quality interior linemen it needs to last through the rugged season, Parseghian refuses to agree. "I've seen some good line play for us this year," he said. "Certainly if we had Cvercko, people would see a great one. But we have two or three players who have a chance to be real good. Kids like Corne, Szeczeko and Mike Schwager. We've been close to a championship two or three times, but have lost out late in the season. Because injuries have hurt us, we got hit early. In the past five years it was our schedule that got us. For example, in that time, the first six teams we've played each year have won 48% of their games, and the last three have won 68%."

Doc Urish, Northwestern's end coach, probably put it better than anyone else when he said, "About the best we can hope for is that every three or four years we can get a group that can make a good run, like some of those others do all of the time. And then we'll need luck."

So far, Northwestern seems to have had everything but luck. Last week in a conference where the big, powerful linemen make the difference, Northwestern's best were limping on the sideline.

CONTINUED

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (6-0-1)
2. OKLAHOMA (4-1) 3. WISCONSIN (4-1)

Will the real Big Ten contenders please stand up?

Life in the Big Ten these days is just about as sedate as a Soviet-Red China shipwreck—and almost as confused. Last week it was unbeaten Wisconsin's turn to go down, before OHIO STATE 13-10. When Northwestern lost to MICHIGAN STATE, three teams—Ohio State, Michigan State and Illinois—found themselves tied for first place.

Coch Woody Hayes, who recently has exhibited disquieting tendencies toward racy football, dusted off his old quarterback-football routine for Wisconsin, but with a surprise—Tom Barrington, a sophomore quarterback who had been sidelined by a fractured jaw suffered in a summer accident. Barrington, a slick roll-out runner, and Fullback Matt Snell hammered away incessantly at the Badgers, while the OSU halfbacks faked dutifully and stayed clear of the action. In the end, however, it was the weapon that Hayes admires least that helped Ohio State to its win. With Wisconsin ahead 10-0, Don Unverferth, another sophomore quarterback, took the Bucks 80 yards, mostly on short passes to End Tom Krehfus, for the winning touchdown. It was scored, of course, by Snell on an old-fashioned two-yard plunge. Hayes was pleased but characteristically cautious. "We passed much better than I dreamed," he said, "but I don't think we'll get heady over it."

PURDUE, too, was back in the race. Quarterback Ron DiGirolamo passed and ran the Boilermakers past Iowa 14-0. MINNESOTA was not, but the Gophers, despite dreadful fumbling, beat Michigan 6-0.

Kansas State made the unpardonable error of scoring first on OKLAHOMA. Soon Jerry Cook's 26-yard field goal was lost in a swarm of Sooner touchdowns. Jim Grisham scored on a one-yard dive and a 56-yard run, Lance Rentzel ran 71 yards with a punt, and Oklahoma overwhelmed the Wildcats 34-9. The same thing happened to Colorado. Leading 6-0, the Buffs fell apart once NEBRASKA came alive. The score: 41-6.

KANSAS had it easy against Oklahoma State. Halfback Gale Soyars and Quarterback Steve Renko led a 507-yard assault as the Jayhawks won 41-7. But MISSOURI, perhaps looking ahead to Saturday's Big Eight showdown with Nebraska, had big trouble. The Tigers could manage only 54 yards and three first downs as they barely beat tough Iowa State 7-0.

Undeclared BOWLING GREEN rolled over

Kent State 18-3, while OHIO U edged Miami 13-10.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (4-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-1) 3. PITT (4-0)

On the slanting green behind the north end zone in Annapolis' Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, friendly groundkeepers had loyally lined out their own private exhortation for the NAVY team: "PLASTER PITT." That is just what Roger Staubach did to the unbeaten Panthers, 24-12. Although assailed mercilessly and dumped for 93 yards in losses by red-dogging Pitt linemen, Staubach eluded his tormentors often enough to complete 14 of 19 passes, seven of them to End Jim Campbell, for 168 yards. He even caught two from Fullback Pat Donnelly. And when Staubach was not hurting the Panthers with his passes, their own quarterbacks were doing their bit with some aimless throwing. Fred Mazurek and Kenny Lucas each had two picked off, and each interception was followed by a score. Guard Fred Marlin kicked a 36-yard field goal, and Johnny Sal, Staubach and Donnelly all scored from the one-yard line. Pitt scored late. Lucas threw to Eric Crabtree for

39 yards and, just before the end, to Paul Marini for 74. By then, not even Chancellor Litchfield could save the Panthers.

Oregon State gambled everything on stopping SYRACUSE's wing T power with an over-shuffed wide tackle six defense. The only trouble was that it left the Beavers wide open for short pop passes over the middle. No. 3 Quarterback Richie King hit seven for 10, the other backs barged away for 169 yards, and Syracuse won easily, 31-8.

After two losing games, PENN STATE's Rip Engle put away his swing T and went back to the old reliable slot T against West Virginia. It was a sound move. Ron Coates booted two field goals, Pete Linke threw a touchdown pass, and the Lions won 20-9.

ARMY stayed mostly on the ground against Washington State as Halfback Ken Waldrop led a march that produced 353 yards and two touchdowns. Rolfe Stichweh's 38-yard pass to John Seymour, and Dick Heyde's 35-yard field goal completed a 23-0 trouncing of the artless Cougars.

HARVARD, naturally, was tickled to death to beat Dartmouth 17-13 (see page 14), but the Crimson is already worrying about PRINCETON, which has more good bucks than most Ivy teams have players. The Tigers trampled Cornell 51-14. The rest of the Ivies flexed their muscles against nonleague foes. Archie Roberts ran and passed for four touchdowns as COLUMBIA whipped Lehigh 42-21. YALE battered Colgate 31-0, and BROWN ran over Rhode Island 33-7. Even PENN won, over Rutgers 7-6.



THE BEST: Lineman of the Week Carl Eller of Minnesota, bringing down Michigan runner (above), forced fumbles that set up score and clinched win. Back of the Week was Wyoming's Tom Wilkinson, who ran for two touchdowns, passed for another as the Cowboys beat Utah

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. AUBURN (5-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (3-0-1) 3. LSU (5-1)

Two weeks ago when the unbeaten Atlantic Coast leader went down to defeat, the unhappy loser was NORTH CAROLINA STATE. Last week, when an ACC leader again suffered humiliation, the victim was Duke, beaten by State 21-7. Holding Duke to 36 yards rushing in the first half, the Wolfpack forced the Blue Devils to the air, then shot them down. Don Montgomery's 11-yard pass-interception wrapped up State's first victory over Duke since 1946. Despite the narrowness of its 7-0 win over South Carolina, NORTH CAROLINA led the ACC. Wake Forest lost its 16th straight, 32-0, to MARYLAND, and CLEMSON beat Virginia 35-0.

With three-fourths of its starting backfield injured, LSU could have been forgiven for bowing to Florida's defense, fourth in the nation. LSU did not bow, however, and indeed beat defense with defense. The Tigers' conservative line, led by Guards Robbie Hucklebuck and Remi Prudhomme and End Billy Truax, forced an interception and a fumble that set up drives of 41 and 27 yards. Sophomore Fullback Don Schwab took the ball across for both of the touchdowns that defeated Florida 14-0.

MEMPHIS STATE Quarterback Russell Volmer ran back the opening Mississippi State kickoff 71 yards. Later Volmer was pushed out of bounds, huddled the back of the players' bench, hit the wire support of a fence, landed on concrete steps and got a fast ride to the hospital. There he yelled at the nurses, got his X ray in record time, and returned to the game to lead the final Memphis drive that won 17-10.

In two surprisingly close games, GEORGIA fought down Kentucky 17-14, and ALABAMA defeated Houston by only 21-13, as Cougar Halfback Mike Spratt galloped 41 and 75 yards to touchdowns on passes from Jack Skog. As usual, Billy Lotheridge accounted for all GEORGIA TECH's points on a run, a pass and a field goal in Tech's 17-3 defeat of fired-up Tulane. Just as naturally, TENNESSEE stomped Chattanooga 49-7, and MISSISSIPPI scored Vanderbilt 27-7. VIRGINIA TECH beat Florida State 31-0 for its fifth straight since losing its opener.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (5-0)
2. BAYLOR (3-1) 3. TCU (3-1-1)

TEXAS was in no mood to dally with Rice. The very first time the mechanical Longhorns got the ball they battered the Owls with a 73-yard drive that left Rice frantically chasing Tommy Ford the last 33 yards. Tony Crosby booted his 19th straight extra point and it looked like a pleasurable evening for the Longhorns. Rice, however, came right back to score when Jerry Kelly made a leaping grab of Walt McReynolds' 19-yard pass. After that the only difference between the

two teams was Crosby's 22-yard field goal that put Texas ahead 10-6. McReynolds and Benny Hollingsworth worried the Longhorns with their passes (13 for 216 yards), but the Texas line was rarely better. Led by Tackle Scott Appleton, it held Rice to a mere 39 yards rushing. Explained Appleton, "They took a big game. They loudmouthed us a lot and called us yellowbellies." A grievous mistake, no doubt.

Now Texas is concerned about BAYLOR. The Bears turned Don Trull and Flanker Larry Elkins loose against Texas A&M, and they made Dads' Day miserable for the Aggies. Trull completed 16 of 31 passes for 242 yards, Elkins caught 10 of them for three touchdowns, and A&M went down 34-7. Brooded Coach Hank Feldberg, "We weren't prepared for all that passing." Blinked observers, what did he expect from the nation's No. 1 passer?

TEXAS TECH, growing up faster than anybody figured, decided it could beat favored SMU by keying on John Roderick, the fast halfback. It worked. Roderick gained only 26 yards, and SMU's offense flattened out like rolled steel. Meanwhile, Donny Anderson, Tech's brilliant sophomore, ran for 117 yards, grabbed a swing pass for a touchdown and, just for kicks, averaged 45.2 yards on five punts. Tech won 13-6.

ARKANSAS pounded Tulsa 56-7, while ARIZONA squeezed past West Texas State 6-3 and NORTH TEXAS surprised Wichita 7-3.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (4-0)
2. WASHINGTON (3-0) 3. OREGON (3-0)

The Geelong and Melbourne teams could not have picked a worse time to introduce Australian football. When the Aussies, bearing a solid silver boomerang and a solid silver kangaroo as gifts, got to San Francisco, the act-

ing mayor was officiating, the stadiums were all in use and bands were practicing for the Bay Area's biggest (American) football weekend in a long time with California meeting USC and STANFORD playing Notre Dame. Notre Dame, of course, had risen again and the local Irish-Catholic colony had risen to meet it. But Stanford's Steve Thurlow scored two touchdowns and passed for a third as Stanford upset ND 26-14. Cal, as expected, was buried by USC, 36-6. Oh yes, Melbourne upset Geelong 71-66 before 2,500 spectators.

No more than a touchdown has separated WASHINGTON and Oregon since 1956, and an overflow crowd saw another nail-biter. It was 6-6 after a quarter, 13-12 Washington at the half, 19-19 after three periods. Washington's final 26-19 margin was due as much to knocking out Oregon's two huge guns as to Oregon's failure to defend. Unable to run because of an injury on his first carry, Rob Berry passed for all three back touchdowns. Then All-America Mel Renfro was knocked cold. After that, Husky Junior Coffey romped four yards to his second touchdown.

In their 18-12 defeat of UCLA, ILLINOIS built up a 10-0 lead rather routinely on Halfback Sam Price's 21-yard run and Jim Plankenhorn's field goal. But then UCLA scored twice on Byron Nelson's 24-yard interception and a Larry Zeno pass. Price and Fullback Jim Grabowski had to grind 62 yards in 16 plays to recoup, Grabowski scoring from the one.

Unfrightened WYOMING spurned a field goal with fourth and three on the 17, went on to score and eventually to beat Utah 26-23. AIR FORCE was chuckling on the inside after sweeping Boston College 34-7, but Coach Mike Lude was smiling on the outside after COLORADO STATE, long winless, won its second game, 21-14 over Texas Western.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Mississippi over LSU. LSU has too many injuries to beat the talent-rich Rebels.

Auburn over Florida. The Gators will find that Auburn's Saddle is rarely ever idle.

Alabama over Mississippi State. State is overmatched, especially at quarterback.

Georgia Tech over Duke. Tech defends tenaciously, Duke yields too readily.

Wisconsin over Michigan State. But the Badgers will have to contain MSU's speed.

Nebraska over Missouri. Nebraska's Clardige does everything; Missouri's backs only run.

Navy over Notre Dame. Roger Staubach's numbness will thwart the strong Irish rush.

Army over Air Force. Army's Cadets are sturdier in the line, steadier on the attack.

Syracuse over Pitt. A case of a tougher defense halting a versatile offense.

USC over Washington. The Huskies are not up to handling Beathard, Brown and Bedsole.

OTHER GAMES

ARKANSAS OVER TEXAS A&M
BAYLOR OVER TCU
BOWLING GREEN OVER MIAMI (OHIO)
ILLINOIS OVER PURDUE
MIAMI (FLA.) OVER KENTUCKY
MINNESOTA OVER INDIANA
OHIO STATE OVER IOWA
OHIO STATE OVER MARYLAND
TEXAS OVER SMU
UCLA OVER CALIFORNIA

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PRO FOOTBALL / Tex Maule

Winning took a Giant adjustment



With short gains on peppered passes by Y. A. Tittle (above) and great defensive line play, the Giants showed how the Browns could be beaten

One thing about the New York Giants, they always seem to come up with a plan. Last Sunday, just two weeks after they had been mauled by the Cleveland Browns in Yankee Stadium, the plan became pretty obvious: they didn't intend to let the same thing happen again.

The Giants kicked off to the boos of more than 84,000 people in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium and in less than five minutes they had scored 10 points. Before the afternoon was over, they had scored 33, which was hardly so remarkable as the fact that the undefeated Browns were able to score just six. The Giants stopped Jimmy Brown, the best running back in the history of the National Football League; they stopped Frank Ryan, the previously sensational Cleveland quarterback; they stopped the idle conversation of a lot of people who had already buried the Giants for 1963. When it was all over and the shock was wearing off, those same people were beginning to remember that the Giants won their last nine games last year.

The secret was an adjustment by Giant Coach Albie Sherman, a defensive adjustment dictated by the success of the Brown attack in the first game between the teams. The problem, of course, was how to contain Jimmy Brown, and Sherman took a calculated risk by changing the play of his linebackers. Instead of dropping off the line of scrimmage, looking for the pass before they reacted to the run, on Sunday they played Brown tight, getting to him before he could clear the line of scrimmage.

"We could have been hurt if Ryan had thrown behind our linebackers," said Jim Patton, the Giant safety man. "But we were getting such good pressure on Ryan that he didn't have time to throw."

The Browns, of course, had adjusted their offense and defense, too. But canny old Y. A. Tittle, whose brain can be as quick as his arm, changed his huddle call at the line of scrimmage on nearly every play throughout the first half.

"They were in an odd line," Tittle explained. "We expected them to be in a four-three most of the time, so I had to change off. If the crowd had been noisy, I might have had trouble. But they were pretty quiet."

The 84,000 Clevelanders were quiet for good reason. The first time Brown carried the ball, it was raked out of his arms by Giant Tackle John Lovetere, and Sam Huff pounced on it. The Giants got a field goal out of this Brown bumble, and 25 seconds later they had their first touchdown after a beautiful play by Patton, who cut across in front of Cleveland End John Brewer to intercept a pass on the Browns' 35.

This interception was the result of a tremendous rush by the Giant line that kept Ryan in difficulty all afternoon. Andy Robustelli, who plays defensive end for the Giants and calls their defensive plays, sent his linebackers in after the Cleveland quarterbacks on a variety of blitzes. The Brown blockers often picked up the penetrating linebackers, but they overlooked the tackles and

ends. Jim Kascavage, in particular, had a wonderful afternoon thumping Ryan to the ground.

After Patton's interception, Tittle wasted no time in scoring again. Jim Shofner, the good corner back for Cleveland, had been hurt in the first Cleveland-Giant game, and Bobby Franklin, his replacement, has played safety much more than he has corner back. In this game, the thankless task of trying to cover Del Shofner fell to Franklin, and Tittle tested him at once. Shofner got behind Franklin and Tittle hit him with a 23-yard touchdown pass.

The game was over by then, although it was only three minutes and 49 seconds old. The Browns had had the ball twice, lost it on a fumble and an interception, and the Giants had scored both times.

Allie Sherman's answer to Brown's deadly running became obvious on Cleveland's third series. The Giant linebackers, playing up very close, smothered the big fullback for three-, five- and one-yard gains and the Browns were forced to punt.

On their fourth series Ryan shifted to

the air but, under grievous stress from the Giant line, never had time to find his receivers. The Browns were finished. The Giants, playing errorless defensive football, had completely shut off the most effective attack in football. Their own offense, predicated on the short gain and ball control, worked very well.

"We threw out the bomb," Sherman said. "We never went for the long one. We wanted to control the ball. Short passes and running. That's what we planned and that's what we did. We showed how the Browns can be beaten."

So effective was the Giant strategy of short gains and ball control that New York had possession of the ball more than twice as much as did Cleveland—78 plays against 38. The Giants gained a total of 387 yards and Tittle completed 21 of 31 passes. But most typical of all the Giants on this day was their best ballcarrier of the afternoon, elderly Hugh McElhenny. The night before the game McElhenny, who has all the clumsiness of a waterbug but who has lost some of his speed, was morose.

"I'm not playing enough," he told a

friend. "I'm not criticizing Sherman. He has done a wonderful job and I can understand it, but I wish I could get in more. I still think I can run if I get the chance."

He ran magnificently against the Browns, looking now and then as good as he ever has. He scored one of the Giant touchdowns on a six-yard pass from Tittle; en route, he left two Brown defenders hanging in midair.

Despite their victory, the Giants are still a game behind the Browns. More to the point, they must depend on someone else to beat Cleveland in the weeks to come, since the two teams do not play again. And although Sherman has pointed out that the Giants have now established a pattern for beating the Browns, whether any other team in the league is capable of following this pattern as closely as the Giants did on Sunday seems doubtful.

In any case, the Browns probably will never again play a team that can execute a game plan—offense and defense—as flawlessly as did the Giants on this particular afternoon.

END



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Blood in the ring again

Trainers are still wounding their walking horses. In other respects the American Royal in Kansas City was the biggest and best show in years

This magazine's exposure of the shocking treatment of walking horses at major U.S. shows (SI, Jan. 11, 1960 *et seq.*) appeared to have a beneficial effect for a time, but now blood is flowing once more. Last week at Kansas City's American Royal, where 1,400 horses and ponies competed in our largest indoor event, dirt and tanbark were rubbed over the bleeding pasterns of walking horses in an effort to hide trainer-inflicted injuries from the judge. The deception obviously worked—or the judge refused to take notice. At other shows this year, all over the country, similarly injured and bleeding horses have been winning ribbons.

If the Royal was no better than most shows in that respect, it was far superior on other counts. Standing-room-only signs were out as not only the biggest ever, but the best show in years, drew record crowds, even when the temperature hit 97° to set still another record.

The finest collection of three-gaited horses since the Kentucky State Fair was assembled in the green sawdust ring, and the competition proved there is not a better walk-trot show horse anywhere than Miss Helen, the reigning world champion. A refined liver chestnut mare with a lofty trot and a commanding presence, she draws the applause of spectators and lavish praise from horsemen, who rarely volunteer charitable comments about rivals. Undeclared in this, her first open season, the 5-year-old gives every indication of reigning for many years. She belongs to Edward B. Jenner, a wealthy Illinois landowner who first showed dogs, then ponies and now horses, and renamed the mare to honor his mother, Mrs. Helen Baker Jenner. Miss Helen's selection and training is the work of Tom Moore, a long-legged horseman from St. Charles, Ill., who also handles Jenner's other horses and ponies. The Jenner-Moore combination caused a minor sensation in K.C. with a brand-new gim-

lick—a shiny black patent-leather saddle that was more of a distraction than an embellishment. Unfortunately, probably half our riders will show up with the saddles next year, having added a few polka dots to match the browband.

The five-gaited stake had the quantity but not the quality of the walk-trot event. The current world champion, My My, was absent, and the champion stallion, John Richardson's Captain Denmark, showed up but was not in the proper mood. Earlier in the week he was an upset loser in the stallion division, so Trainer Garland Bradshaw decided not to show him in the stake. An unexpected entry in the class was Plainview's Julia, former two-time world champion, who had won the ladies class with Owner R. C. Tway's granddaughter aboard. Although this technically qualifies a horse to come back in the stake, most entries are either lady-amateur mounts or stake horses. Julia, however, proved that she was both. After a workout the judges decided that Julia, now with Jim B. Robertson riding, was the grand champion, with George Kimbel's pretty bay, I've Arrived, the gelding champion at Lexington earlier this year, in the reserve spot.

That the competition was very close throughout the Royal was demonstrated by some of the unusual ties. There was a three-way tie as the jumper stake started and that championship was eventually won by Ralph Fleming's The Dolphin. There was also a three-way tie among the cutting horses and another in the Cowgirl's Barrel Race, this one finally decided by a coin toss and a three-way money split.

Colonel Boyle, W. C. Madlener's extraordinary stallion, was one of the few entries to break the pattern of close competition. With Art Simmons at the lines this bold chestnut easily captured the fine harness title as he neared the end of four undefeated years. **END**

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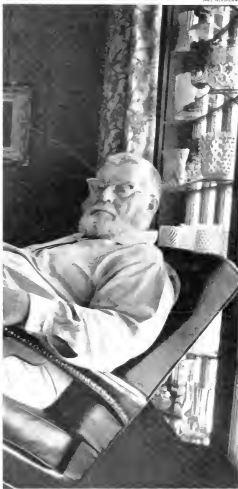


WHOOPING BARON OF THE

coyotes from a penthouse and builds cars that win the '500'

PRAIRIE

DAVE HERSHBERG



by JOE DAVID BROWN

One night John Zink and a friend loaded up their hound dogs in Tulsa and drove up into the hills of Osage County to hunt wolves. Well, sir, as Zink recalls it, that night was pretty near perfect. The big old Oklahoma moon was bright as God's jest, and there was a bite in the air that offered just the right inducement to take something rousing from a bottle now and again, the wolves were plentiful and the hounds uncommonly musical. Along about sunset, Zink and his companion discovered that their dogs had led them almost as far as Bartlesville. They knew where they were, all right, because a fellow kept a game farm and menagerie up that way, and in the dawn's early light they came upon him digging a hog hole near his back fence to bury a giraffe that had died during the night. A dead giraffe is not a sight a man sees every day of his life, so, naturally, Zink and his friend stopped to chat and nudge the corpse with their toes, and

continued

before long their hounds had gathered and were sniffing around curiously, too.

The menagerie owner was neighborly. "Seems a shame all that good meat goin' to waste," he said. "Why don't you give them dogs a feed?"

"That's a good idea," Zink's friend said. He took out his knife and sheered up some gristle and, after one whiff, the hungry dogs plowed in, snarling and snapping and getting into fights every time one snatched a juicy tidbit away from another.

While all this was going on, a man appeared on a nearby hill and began yelling the wolf hunter's familiar "hallo". He sounded so forlorn and weary it was pretty obvious that he had gone and gotten himself lost, as wolf hunters frequently do. Zink and his friend balked back, and the hunter came bounding down the slope as if he might have been lost for a long time, wearing a grin brimful of joy and relief. Then he saw the snarling hounds tussling with the dead gristle. His eyes got big as stove lids, and he froze in his tracks. "My God," he said in a shaky voice, "what country is this here anyhow?"

Old John Zink is always having happy adventures like this. If they don't happen naturally, Zink doesn't object to exercising his imagination a little. Not that Zink ever wantonly slaughters the truth, of course; he simply believes that when a man finds a few facts lying dead at his feet he has a right to skin them out and dress them down to suit his taste. There are a number of people who have been listening to some of Zink's stories for well over 30 years, and they swear that they are getting better all the time. This tickles Zink mightily. "I don't see much advantage in sticking right to the truth when a little exaggeration makes a story so much better," he admits happily. "I just try always to face in the general direction of the truth."

The plain fact seems to be that John Steele Zink, who is a hearty 70, has a boisterous conviction that he can make almost anything bigger or better once he puts his mind to it. He smears his steaks with peanut butter, often plants stacks of dynamite under targets when he sharpens up his eye with rifle practice and, instead of using an automobile, prefers to travel about while reclining on a bed in an air-conditioned bus that is outfitted with a kitchen. His pink-and-cream racing cars have won the Indianapolis "500" twice and the 500 Miles at Monza once, while various Zink Trackburners and Zink Specials have won so many lesser races that nobody can keep up with them. Zink loves guns (he owns so many rifles that nobody has ever undertaken to count them), and on his 10,000-acre ranch outside Tulsa he has built what many experts consider the best bench-rest rifle range in the country. The national championship matches have been held there twice in the last three years. Zink also helps finance the national muzzle-loading rifle matches, to which he donates a trophy. He sponsors the Sooner State Thrill

Riders, a hell-for-leather equestrian outfit that is a favorite attraction at rodeos and state fairs throughout the Southwest, and he is probably the fiercest, and unquestionably the most conspicuous, rooter for the football team of the University of Oklahoma, where he attended school and also taught chemistry for a brief spell. Zink enjoys the pungent smell of powder smoke and gasoline fumes, and he thrives on noisy competition. He is a fairly easy mark for promoters who want to stage anything from a turkey shoot to a motorcycle hill climb.

As all this may indicate, John Zink is rich. His fortune is estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$10 million ("Too high," says Zink), and it is generally acknowledged that if he had followed the tribal custom of most Oklahoma millionaires, always pledging one dollar to try for two, he could easily be worth four or five times that much. Despite some baronial tastes, however, Zink says making money has never been one of his goals in life. The record appears to confirm this. He has never borrowed money, and he confines his investments to blue-chip stocks, which he never sells. Zink keeps a Dow Jones chart in his office as a constant reminder to himself—and to anyone else who is willing to listen to an elementary course in corporate finance—that a dollar sunk into a sound company is a dollar that is dividing and subdividing like a healthy amoeba. Zink is convinced that getting rich is no great trick, "If you're sharp you just naturally begin to get ideas," he says. "After that it's like coasting downhill, because everybody helps you."

Zink is unquestionably sharp, and the idea he hit upon while a young man involved a burner for disposing of dangerous gases and liquids in oil refineries. Zink patented his burner and set up business in a small garage. Today the John Zink Company, in a suburb of Tulsa, holds 100 patents and manufactures devices that cover the application of heat in oil refineries from the front gate to the back fence. The company also manufactures space heaters, attic fans and air conditioners, and it is an acknowledged leader in the field of manufacturing special equipment for burning off toxic or unpleasant-smelling industrial waste. Almost 50% of Zink's business is done overseas, and plans already have been completed for construction of a large plant outside London within the next year. Zink runs his industrial domain like a benevolent feudal lord, and in expansive moments he likes to point out that he has done pretty well for a man who was born the son of an unprosperous Iowa pig raiser. He is particularly pleased when the John Zink Co. is described, perhaps accurately, as the largest solely owned business west of the Mississippi. In an age of wheeler-dealers, Zink is convinced one of his outstanding accomplishments has been to prove that a major business can be built on old-fashioned pay-as-you-go principles. "I've been my own manager, own banker, own patent lawyer and own engineer," he says. "I put up my own buildings with my own money—and when I didn't have the cash to do what I wanted to do, I always waited until I got it."

Aside from the customary reasons, it is a fortunate thing

continued



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for John Zink that he is rich. Without reassuring proof that he is a highly solvent citizen, the public undoubtedly would have a great deal of difficulty adjusting to some of his idiosyncrasies. There is, for example, the matter of Zink's dress. Zink had long felt that men's clothes were both ridiculous and uncomfortable, and 12 years ago he decided to do something about the situation. He drew up a design for a pair of loose-fitting Bermuda-length shorts and had a local manufacturer make up a dozen in terry cloth. They proved to be so satisfactory that Zink began ordering them in batches of 100 at a time, in blue and white, and soon he was wearing them on all occasions. In the summertime, in fact, Zink often wears nothing but the shorts, going to his office barefooted and bare-chested. When the weather turns nippy, Zink dons long johns under the shorts. Since he stands 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs well over 250 pounds and is built along the lines of a sumo wrestler, this naturally makes Zink highly visible in any crowd, particularly when the long johns are red. Zink is aware that some people consider his way of dressing extremely odd, but he shrugs them off. "If people judge me by my appearance, I don't want to have anything to do with them anyway," he says.

This is an opinion about himself, so Zink delivers it modestly in a voice that is only a few decibels louder than the purr of a diesel engine. When Zink sounds off on such controversial subjects as religion, politics or the care and feed-

ing of the young, he often whoops like a Pawnee medicine man invoking rain. Some people even accuse Zink of belching on occasion, and he has never quite forgiven a newspaperman who described his voice as raucous. Zink didn't mind, but it upset Mrs. Zink, a genteel lady who reads all the latest books, has a passion for antiques and has accumulated, among other things, perhaps the world's largest collection of celery holders. The newspaperman must have been a poor student of American history, or he would have recognized Zink as a fine specimen of that vanishing species of southwestern fauna: the prairie roarer.

After all, Zink's parents emigrated to Oklahoma from Iowa when he was 13. That was almost a full year before Oklahoma became a state, the oil industry had barely made a start and the leading citizens of tiny Tulsa were a lusty lot who roared as naturally as they now converse quietly over cocktails in the skyscraper Petroleum Club. In Tulsa's early days a man had to roar to make himself heard, and Zink, a brawny, exuberant boy who was in a hurry to make his mark in the world, slipped into the habit easily. Zink often rode a cow pony over what is now the residential section of Tulsa, and long after the John Zink Co. was a fairly flourishing concern Zink kept a revolver in his desk drawer to take potshots at snakes in a canebrake outside his office window.

Until a few years ago, Zink also had a custom of greeting

continued



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visitors by taking out his revolver and firing a shot into the wooden beams and pillars in his spacious office. One day a shot ricocheted off a pillar and passed through the desk of Miss Marie Jett, Zink's secretary and confidential assistant for 32 years. As her long tenure with Zink indicates, Miss Jett is a wonderfully spunky and patient woman. But when she felt a .38 slug fan her knees, she fainted face downward on her desk. For a few frightening seconds Zink was under the impression that he had plugged Miss Jett, and he emerged from the experience so shaken that he has not fired a gun in the office since. Recently, when he discovered a visitor examining the bullet holes in his office, Zink beamed with delight. Then he remembered Miss Jett. "I'm not altogether proud of that," he said in a voice that was almost, but not quite, contrite.

Aside from perforating the woodwork, Zink has furnished his offices to suit his capricious and unusual tastes. The result is a cross between a well-appointed hunting lodge and the lobby of a frontier hotel, producing an effect not only fascinating but charming. The office is a profusion of priceless Oriental carpets, handwoven Indian rugs, paintings, statuary, guns, miner's tools, a case of peanut brittle, a boxful of his terry-cloth shorts, citations, awards, windup toys and Mrs. Zink's celery holders. Also an abundance of easy chairs, a fully equipped kitchen and a stout refectory table that will seat at least 40 people. Zink spends almost as much time seated at the head of this table as he does at his desk, reading his mail, dictating letters, giving orders or dispensing favors to his nearly 200 employees. He is autocratic and thoughtful, demanding and lavish with praise, kindhearted and hardfisted, and altogether considered an almost perfect boss by those who work for him. He pays top salaries and gives bonuses at the drop of a whim but seldom encourages his close associates to take vacations. When people go to work for Zink, he expects them to stay forever. Most of them do, and all of his top engineers began their careers as workmen in his shop. Although he was a brilliant student at the University of Oklahoma, Zink distrusts engineers with too much schooling. "I don't think anything's ever been done by anybody who thinks he's got brains," he says. "It's better for a man to be so ignorant he doesn't know what he can or can't do."

The No. 2 boss of the Zink plant—though there is little left to boss when Zink is on hand—is Zink's son, Jack, Zink, 35, seems to be just the opposite of his father. He speaks quietly, wears horn-rimmed glasses, dresses well and conservatively. Yet, in his own way, Jack is just as stubborn and unbiddable, and just as fond of excitement. It was Jack who led the elder Zink, often against his better judgment, into big-time auto racing.

Jack Zink first became fired with a desire to own and drive a racing car when, at the age of 9, he accompanied an uncle to a midget race in Detroit. He nursed the ambition along but did not do anything about it until 1946, when he was an engineering student at Oklahoma A&M and there was a sudden revival of midget racing. Caught

up in the excitement and tempted by the rich purses, Jack started building his own car. At first Zink looked on with amused tolerance, but when it became apparent that Jack not only was going to finish his homemade jalopy but actually risk his neck in it, the old man stepped in with a proposition. If Jack would scrap his homemade car and give up the idea of driving himself, John would stake his son to the latest Offenhauser-powered Kurtis-Kraft midget. With some reluctance, Jack agreed. His first season on the circuit was so successful that John Zink began to perk up with interest. For the next season he staked Jack to a second car. Thereafter, until the midget boom subsided in the Southwest in the late '40s, Zink cars carrying Drivers Bill Vukovich, Johnny Parsons, Jimmy Reece and Cecil Green burned up the tracks.

By the time modified stock-car racing became popular, the elder Zink was so hooked on racing that he did not object when Jack started to drive. Jack earned a reputation as an aggressive competitor, delighting his father and infuriating fans and other drivers by his slumping tactics. He won the state championship in 1952.

Before this, however, Zink's own competitive spirit had been aroused. In 1950 the first salmon-pink-and-cream John Zink-sponsored car, carrying Zink's J-Bar-Z cattle brand and driven by the late Cecil Green, was entered in the Indianapolis "500." Green finished in fourth place. In 1951 Green led the race before going to the pits with a broken crankshaft. The following year, Zink bought a model 4000 Kurtis-Kraft, the car then dominating the speedway. Driven by Jimmy Reece, the Zink car finished seventh.

Mechanical difficulties put Zink cars out of the running in the 1953 and 1954 races, but 1955 brought triumphant success. For one thing, Zink had built his own streamlined roadster especially for Indianapolis. For another, he had A. J. Watson, now the nation's outstanding car builder, as a mechanic. Bob Sweikert was the driver, and he pushed the first John Zink Special to a handy victory.

Watson built his first Indianapolis car for Zink in 1956. It was driven by a young Chicago driver named Pat Flaherty, who won convincingly and made it two in a row for Zink. Unfortunately, Zink's jubilation was short-lived. A few weeks later Flaherty overturned the Zink Special in a race at Springfield, Ill. and was seriously injured.

Zink has never been a man of small enthusiasms, however. Emboldened by his two successes and caught up in the excitement of competition, he backed Jack to the hilt and made a total commitment to racing. For a while during the early laps of the 1957 race, it looked as if he might run up his third straight victory at Indianapolis. His Watson-designed Zink Special, driven by former "500" winner Troy Ruttman, was in the lead. But a broken pinion gear put the car out of the race.

Zink put three cars in the 1958 race, but that was the year of the tragic first-lap melee, and two of Zink's cars

continued

were involved. It began when a Zink car, driven by Ed Elisian, lost adhesion on the No. 3 turn and sent another car reeling into the wall. Another Zink car, following close behind and driven by Jimmy Reece, also spun, and a car with the popular Pat O'Connor at the wheel ran up its sloping front as if it were a ski jump. O'Connor was killed, and Elisian later drew a suspension for his part in the chain-reaction accident. All in all, it was a bad year for Zink, particularly since Jack and Watson, who had not been getting on anyway, finally came to a parting of the ways. Zink still has the highest praise for Watson. "That man was a kind of genius," he says. "He had wonderful hands. Why, he could touch a lug and tell when it was just tight enough to hold but not so tight that it would break off."

The departure of Watson did not slow up Jack Zink's determination to win the Indianapolis "500" for the third time. In the 1959 race Pat Finherly, driving a

Zink Special, staged an epic battle with Jim Rathmann for first place and was in the lead for many laps until he crashed into the wall. But Zink cars have been plagued by trouble in the last few years, particularly since Jack has become fired with an ambition to build a rear-engine Indianapolis car. He and his chief mechanic, Dennis Moore, built a good-looking car of this type, outfitted with an Offenhauser engine, and took it to Indianapolis in 1961. But it did not handle well, and at the last minute a conventional roadster was entered in the race instead. Then, working closely with Boeing Aircraft engineers, the Zinks began building a new rear-engine car with a turbine engine. The headaches were enormous, particularly when it came to devising some way to give the car the rapid acceleration needed in racing. But most of the problems seemed to be solved, and Jack was giving the turbine-powered car a test run only a couple of weeks before speedway practice was to begin

when he slipped and suffered severe injuries. At his insistence, however, the revolutionary Zink racer was repaired, and there was considerable publicity when it was announced that Dan Gurney would drive the car on Memorial Day of 1962. After testing the car, however, Gurney changed his mind. For the first time in a decade there was no Zink car in the lineup at Indianapolis.

Jack still says he hopes to have a rear-engine entry at Indianapolis in 1964, but old John Zink does not mind telling anyone that his enthusiasm for racing is beginning to wane. What troubles him most is the conspicuous waste in lives and hard work. He is appalled when he sits down and recalls all the bright and alert young men he knew who were killed during the last 10 years. As for the expenditure in time, he says, "There's something wrong about it somehow. You work hard on a car for a year, and then—one little bump, and the car is out of the race." Perhaps because he has such



At controls of one of his favorite toys, a 40,000-pound Caterpillar bulldozer tractor, Zink builds network of ranch roads.

a fierce pride himself, he has almost become convinced that drivers sometimes put their cars out of commission deliberately. "Drivers just get worn out," he says. "They have too much pride just to quit and pull into the pits. Instead, they drive their cars into the wall so they have an excuse to drop out."

Zink is particularly indignant at a widespread report that he has spent \$6 million in racing. "We haven't spent anything near that," he says. "Why, the most we've ever spent in one year is about \$68,000. Over a 10-year period, I figure it averages out to about \$50,000 a year, and, of course, we've got a lot of that back." He points to two checkered finish flags, souvenirs of his Indianapolis victories, hanging in the office. "Why, there's \$100,000 we won, right up there." Miss Jet looks up from her books and raises an eyebrow. "Gross, that is," she says.

Perhaps one reason Zink is losing his interest in racing is that about three years ago he discovered a new hobby. As might be expected, it is both out-sized and unusual. Other men might like to play around with model trains or build birdhouses or ships in bottles, but Zink relaxes by driving heavy earth-moving equipment and building roads on his ranch. The toys a man uses in pursuing such a hobby are expensive by any standard, and Zink has tractors, graders and half-track machines of all sizes and descriptions. The prize of his collection is a \$32,450 Model D7E bulldozer, one of the most powerful tractors made by the Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Zink literally would rather drive the big machine than eat, and over the past couple of years he has used it and a huge \$29,000 grader to crisscross his 10,000-acre ranch with some 30 miles of roads, giving the whole area the look of a giant spider web. "I like the feel of power under me," Zink says. "I like to bowl over the big trees and lift off heavy stones." Nobody but Zink knows how many blade tips he broke when he first started operating the 30,300-pound grader. "Now I cut back to half power when I come to a particularly rough spot," he claims. Sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't. He handles the grader

continued



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WHOOPING BARON

expertly enough, but he delights in finding tough jobs to tackle with it. On one occasion he drove too close to the edge of a small cliff, and the grader overturned. "I looked up, and there the wheels were spinning around in the air," he says delightedly. Luckily, John Zink was not crushed; he was thrown clear of the massive machine and suffered only a pulled leg muscle.

If anyone mentions the cost of his hobby, Zink has a ready answer. "Think of all the money I save by building roads myself," he says. "City folks have to have roads so that they can enjoy the country, and I plan to give them roads all over this ranch."

Zink usually spends two or three nights a week at the ranch. For a number of years after World War II he raised cattle there, often making as much as \$50,000 a year, but now he has stocked it with deer, turkey, quail and wild hogs, turning it into a game reserve. He has set up the John Zink Foundation to operate the ranch, and he envisions that someday it will be the monument he leaves behind. Hunting is not permitted at any time, but fishing is allowed in 15 well-stocked lakes on the ranch. Zink used to admit fishermen free, but now he charges \$1 for each car that enters the main gate. "It pays for picking up their beer cans," he says.

The National Guard and military reserve outfits are permitted to use the ranch for maneuvers and target practice, and Zink has built a fully equipped camp for the Boy Scouts. One of his pet projects at the moment is to try to arrange for the next Boy Scout World Jamboree to be held there. Although he takes pride in his inaccessibility, Zink is, in fact, a notably public-spirited citizen. He has given 15 choice acres to the city of Tulsa for a public park, and just recently he gave the city 1,000 dogwood trees to be planted along Riverside Drive, a thoroughfare on the Arkansas River.

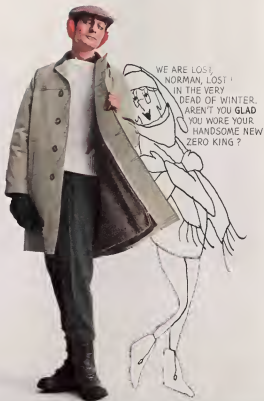
Zink's headquarters at the ranch is The Rendezvous, a sprawling steel-and-concrete-block structure that more closely resembles a warehouse than a dwelling. The Rendezvous has facilities for entertaining up to 100, and over the

years Zink has given parties there for muleskinners and Indian guides, governors and Senators, racing enthusiasts and a U.S. Supreme Court Justice. It was during the party for the Justice, whom Zink would rather not identify, that old John started a local legend by turning a coon and a pack of hounds loose during dinner. Zink says he did it because the party was dull, and he still relates with gusto how startled the dignified Justice looked when the coon and several pursuing hounds ran between his legs. Zink has been known to enliven other dull parties at The Rendezvous by firing skyrockets up a specially built chimney.

Zink's living quarters at The Rendezvous are in a palatially outfitted trailer that was winched up to the roof to form a kind of penthouse. With the flick of a switch Zink turns on powerful spotlights to illuminate the surrounding area, allowing him to observe the ranch's wildlife. Through a porthole Zink shoots at wolves, which is what Zink and other natives call the big coyotes that abound in Oklahoma. Zink has a thing about wolves. A few years ago he built an elaborate chicken house just so he could booby-trap it in every conceivable way to catch wolves. But Zink admits the wolves proved to be too smart for him. His personal theory, which he can expound at length, is that wolves are wiler than he is because their urine is stronger.

Zink's language often is earthy, but he does not tell smutty stories and has no time for people who do. Like all ranch men who live in their own little domains, he is spoiled and inclined to be a bit of a tyrant. But he also is generous, his vitality is contagious and everyone who knows him well finds him wholly lovable. Recently Zink took to letting his beard grow, and like all hurly men with round faces and white whiskers, he bears a striking resemblance to the late Ernest Hemingway. Zink is always pleased when people mention this. He has little interest in Hemingway's literary accomplishments, but he does admire the way Hemingway lived life to the hilt.

"He was a man, that fellow was," Zink says. "A real man." **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—A "minor" hot spot to learn how to handle pressure. What do you think of **JOEY ARNETT**, who led a superior center in capturing the New York Yankees. His performance, **RALPH HOLLER**, who led the Yankees to three pennants in his three years in manager, became New York's new general manager, replacing Roy Hasey, who retired because of ill health.

LEIGHENDER SANDY KOUFAX of the Los Angeles Dodgers was voted the City Young Award as the outstanding major league pitcher. He is the first unknown major of the year and the third Dodge recipient (Don Newsome 1956 and Don Drysdale 1962).

BASKETBALL—The powerful **LOS ANGELES LAKERS** defeated New York 130-117, Dennis 124-118 and Cincinnati 122-109 to move into the first in the N.B.A. Western Division. New York, with 84 points in the three straight wins, while Los Angeles scored more than 20 points apiece in losing the Royal CINCINNATI's tightened defense had opponents to fewer than 20 points in four successive games before the Lakers lost. The Royals then dropped their second in a row, to the Warriors 102-99. With Walt Chamberlain passing off more, **SAUL FRANCISCO** and Chamberlain scored fewer points than expected, but the team was two out of three games to stay tied with Los Angeles for the Western lead. **ROSTON**, the Lakers' only undefeated team (3-0), easily beat Baltimore 125-108 to stay comfortably in first place in the West. Ray Williams of Baltimore scored the most points (45) against New York in one game during the week.

BOXING—Boat Middleweight **JOEY ARNETT** outwitted hard-punching **Dustin (Dumaine)** to gain a 10-round split decision at Madison Square Garden, extending his victory streak to seven and his career record to 36 wins, one loss.

Former World Middleweight Champion **ROBO DE LOPEZ**, 35, extended his 10th year of his career in a light heavyweight bout with a unanimous decision over Argentina's **Jose Mendez** in a 10-rounder at San Francisco.

Two world champions, **SUGAR RAMON** (featherweight) of Mexico City and New York's **LARRY ORTIZ** (lightweight) won notable fights on the same card in London. Ramon beat Sammy McSweeney of Ireland in a second-round TKO while Ortiz won a 10-round decision from former English goal keeper Maurice Calton.

FOOTBALL—**NFL**, THE NEW YORK GIANTS lightened up the Los Angeles Rams with a stunning 33-9 victory over previously undefeated Cleveland (one year 30) at L.A. The Giants won the game for second place by defeating Washington 21-7 on

Charlie Johnson's three touchdowns passed Ed Brown three out TD passes—three in Dallas and one in Red Mack (21 yards) late in the last period—to lead **PITTSBURGH** in a 20-21 tie with Cleveland. Corbrey led the Browns' eighth seven passes to set a new NFL career record of 490 Dan Hinton of Green Bay held the old mark of 488 points. The Western Division leaders, **CHICAGO** and **GREEN BAY**, remained in a tie for first place with 6-4 records. The Bears scored on long drive 50 and 57 yards and a 45-yard field goal by Bruce Leece to beat Philadelphia 16-3. The Packers took three with a run with a 34-20 defeat of Baltimore. The Colts had tied the score 20-20 in the last period after trailing 17-3 in the half but touchdowns runs by Keith Ricks and Jim Taylor (his second) won the game for Gonzalez. **DE FIGHT** (New York) beat **MINNESOTA** 128-101 and **LOS ANGELES** Quarterback Roman Gabriel passed 17 yards for one touchdown and ran for another to lead the Rams to a 38-21 win over San Francisco, their second in a row.

AFL, **HUSTON** took over the lead in the Eastern Division with a 28-17 win over Kansas City. The Chiefs led a half time on Don Dawkins' TD pass, but in the second half George Blanda (three passes) and touchdown passes and Mark Brezina returned an interception 96 yards to a score. **BUFFALO** defeated Boston 28-21 while Jack Kemp (three 21-yard touchdowns) put to Charlie Ferguson with 28 yards late in the game. Kemp also scored three TDs, three runs, NFL YORK, and DE NEW YORK led 25-35 as Dick Wood of the Browns threw four touchdowns passes, and the Browns' Mickey Shager net found three. **SAN FRANCISCO** came from behind to upset Western Division leader San Diego 34-33 on Glenn Davis' TD pass to Glenn Shaw late in the fourth quarter. Cleveland, who took over as quarterback when Tom Brown (two TD passes) was injured in the second period, also passed for two other touchdowns.

SOFTBALL—THE U.S. TEAM took the Canada Cup for the fourth straight year, as Jack Nicklaus, the individual leader with 237, and Arnold Palmer (240) for 83 holes on the 1961 St. Nicklaus-Bresche course near Vancouver (see page 17).

In the first round of the \$10,000 Thunderbolt Open in Phoenix **SANDRA HAYNIE** of Fort Worth shot a four-under-par 48 and earned a lead she never gave up in winning her first LPGA tournament since June 1962.

SEASON **BLUDLOPH** of Leigh Acres, Fla. won his first PGA tournament in nearly four years when he placed four sub-60 rounds on the San Juan Country Club course to make the \$25,000 Pineso 100-100.

HARNESS RACING—**BIG JOHN** (51-5) unexpectedly won the mile Volunteer Trail for 2-year-olds only

and gelding at Riverdale Racetrack when the favorite, Arthur Nardin's Spunky Court (center of eight straight races), broke stride when bumped to fourth 8th.

HOCKEY—**CHICAGO** ran its unbeaten streak in six games, with two ties (Detroit 2-2, Montreal 1-1) and a 4-1 win over New York to open a four-point lead in the NHL. **MONTREAL** also maintained a second-place tie with **TORONTO** (1-1 for the week) by defeating Detroit 4-1 in a game George Howe of the Red Wings scored the only goal in the game. Richard's lifetime total of 544. Jagers, Philo shot one, Boston 2-0 for the only NEW YORK victory of the week, and **BOSTON** won its second game in the series, after six straight losses, when Ed Johnson shot out the Maple Leafs 2-0.

HORSE RACING—The \$55,150 Temple Gateway Handicap, the richest U.S. race for 3-year-olds, was won by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark Jr.'s AMERICAN DRIVER (35-20), with Joe Archambault up to 24 lengths at the United Nations racetrack, Newmarket. Whately Stable's **CASTLE FORD** (10-10), with Joseph Valenzuela as jockey, finished third to win the \$100,000 Gardenia Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Garden State Park, N.J. by a head. Tenenah, the unbeaten favorite, came in a dismal eighth.

HORSE SHOW—For the fifth straight year the U.S. EQUESTRIAN TEAM won the international jumping championship at the Pan American National in Buenos Aires. The U.S. took seven of 10 events and earned 120 points to overtake Ireland (52 points). Argentina (40) and Canada (42). Defending champion **J.R.A.N. CHAMPA** of Wallingford, N.J. won the individual title.

MOTOR SPORTS—**JIM CLARK**, the world driving champion, gained an early lead and kept it to win the Grand Prix of Mexico for the second straight year. Clark drove for Lotus-Corona an average 97.50 mph in the 262-mile race in Mexico City to his career third drive over 100 mph on Grand Prix events in one year.

REDGE WARD of Indianapolis took the lead on the 13th lap and went on to win his third Sacramento USAC 100-mile open-car race at the California State Fairgrounds. He averaged 92.37 mph and finished 4.2 seconds in front of A. J. Foyt.

MILEPOSTS—**DIED**, **ED DUNNIEY**, 63, seven-year PGA president (1942-48), of a heart attack in Colorado Springs, Colo. He was twice Ryder Cup winner (1929, 1931) and 1937, was the first and only to win the American National Amateur Club, the U.S. Masters, four G.I. tournaments (1957) and lead pro at the Broadmoor Golf Club in Colorado Springs for the last 22 years.

DIED, The Class A Pioneer League, in its 23rd year. "It was the best product of high bonnet," said League President Claude Ringling.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DEATH SENTENCE

Sirs:

The line you guys employ never ceases to amaze me. You spin that moralizing nonsense about the beauty and truth of boxing (SCORECARD, Oct. 28), then you turn right around and remove the terrible incidents leading up to the death of Ernie Knox.

Maybe, as you say, politicians and editorialists know nothing about boxing, but, God save the mark, they probably do know what it means when a man is provoked and inflamed by a leering mob of sadists into beating another man to death. Your headline, *This Drunk Might Kill Boxing*, is the one encouraging aspect of your coverage of the death of Fighter Ernie Knox, and I, for one, hope profigthing and your untenable position that boxing is "good sport" go down together.

BEN ANDERS

Norwalk, Conn.

Sirs:

Bringing the Government into boxing would not solve a thing. You advocate this, saying that unless boxing is given a strong federal commissioner and soon, its prospects of survival are dim.

ARLEN J. SCHIEP

Nevada, Iowa

MAX

Sirs:

You people do little enough for us cat-lovers. At least you can show us a picture of the redoubtable Maximilian (SCORECARD, Oct. 28).

WILHELMINA HALL

Brooklyn



MAX PURRS AMID TROPHIES

Sirs:

No "pure alley cat" is neuter. He's probably a pampered, perfumed puss who's never stalked an alley.

MILLIE ADAMS

New York City

CALL FOR A CUTTHROAT

Sirs:

No need to invent any fishy associates like Pickrell Puss for Dick Tracy's latest villain, Smallmouth Bass (SCORECARD, Oct. 21). We have one here in New Mexico's official state fish: Cutthroat Trout.

ARCE NAPIRA

Albuquerque

HOT STOVE

Sirs:

It was to be expected that the fans and press would have a field day with the World Series debacle. The cries of National League superiority have risen again because the Yankees lost in four straight games—to a hot pitching staff while in the throes of a month-old batting slump. They were not bombed or destroyed—just beaten in four well-played, tight ballgames. It is not proof that "the Yankees are in danger of collapsing" (19th Hole, Reader Blazma, Oct. 21) or that the Yankees would be a second division club in the National League (19th Hole, Reader Moody, Oct. 21). May I point out that the Yankees have defeated their National League opposition in nine of their last 13 meetings since 1949.

It is frequently pointed out that the National League is so evenly balanced that it crowns a new champ every year. I propose that these teams don't repeat because they

lack depth and are dependent upon maximum performance from a minimum of men. The team that wins is the one whose few stars have great years, while a couple of lesser players go over their heads for one season. The following year these men return to their normal output, no one takes up the slack and the team fails to repeat. The Yankees win consistently because they have a great bench—someone always takes up the slack when the usual leaders fail—and it is this depth, in pinching as well as the regulars, which would make the Yankees consistent winners in any league.

KALMAN HELLER

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

Now that National League fans everywhere have witnessed a Yankee defeat in four games, they are telling everyone within shouting distance that the Yankees would not even finish in the first division in the "balanced" National League. The senior circuit should be so good.

The Los Angeles Dodgers defeated the New York Yankees in the World Series with pitching—phenomenal pitching—phenomenal even for the Dodgers. They also had fabulous luck when they needed it most. Roger Maris got hurt before he ever faced Don Drysdale. They were fortunate enough to score all their runs early, so their weak bench went relatively unused. Dodger luck was also exemplified by Tommy Davis' freak ground ball which led to the only run in game three. And, finally, God saw fit to turn the play that, in the words of Sandy Koufax, would have been the turning point of the entire Series into the three-base error which sealed Yankee doom.

If those Dodgers had had that kind of pitching from day to day during the regular season, they would have won the pennant in a fashion which would have made the American League pennant chase seem close. I still firmly maintain that no National League team has sufficient talent to nail down as many as three positions in the Yankee lineup. I might add that the Yankee bench contains enough talent to start three men on any team in the National League.

Incidentally, it would probably be better for Dodger prestige if they would not repeat as National League champions, because the Yankees have a history of turning the tables on National League champions that succeeded in defeating them in a World Series.

R. BRUCE MAXWELL

Temple, Pa.

THE MEN BEHIND

Sirs:

I would like to commend you for your fine coverage of college football. However,

continued



Will he gain ground like Jimmy Brown?

Most players spend their rookie year in the pros picking up splinters. Not Jimmy Brown. He picked up so much yardage he won individual rushing honors and was named All League fullback. Says one expert: "Judged by the single act of running with the ball, he is the greatest ever."

Not every youngster can be a champion. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the

fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Jimmy Brown, to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1526, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

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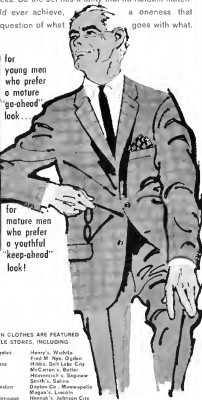
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"go-ahead"
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mature men
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19TH HOLE (continued)

there seems to be one figure in this area whom you have forgotten, and this is the student manager of a college team. The readers of your magazine are people who like to go behind the headlines, to read about the men who participate behind the scenes. Perhaps you could compile a list of present-day leaders who were student managers in their college days.

FRED E. RAUSCHER JR.
Bowdoin College

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

• Some student managers who made good: Douglas MacArthur (West Point '03), Herbert Hoover (Stanford '05), C. Douglas Dillon (Harvard '31).—ED.

NO GHOST

Sirs:

I have been waiting several weeks to see if anyone would write in to drop a hint of praise on Ron Max for the sensitive and fascinating job he did in the Bowdoinian reporting of behind-the-scenes life of a professional football team (*I Swore I Would Quit Football*, Sept. 16).

This comment is not meant to glorify Max, but rather to reflect upon a prejudice of which many of us are guilty: the belief that a 250-pound 6-foot-4 all-league tackle could not possibly have creative sensitivity, and that positively nobody who excelled in another field could author anything without someone else doing the writing. Having been burned by the deception of publicists for so long, we have long since become the land of the disillusioned.

As one who has done a lot of ghostwriting, it dawned on me that, almost by reflex, I have the habit of dismissing such a byline as Max's as nothing more than a byline. It has been refreshing and somewhat shocking to me to discover, accidentally, that Ron Max really did write the piece. It became obvious during an interview on a local TV station. Max talks just the way he writes; better still, he writes the way he talks. He is even wiser enough to complain about a few deathless lines that ended up in your editorial wastebasket.

R. C. ATCHISON

San Diego

TWO-PLATOON MEDICINE

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde football player in Rome, N.Y. (*Is There a Dr. Tashiro on the Field?*, Oct. 28), but what does the doctor do when one of his teammates gets injured? Run back for his hulk black bag?

LIT CARROLL

Schenectady

• No. He waits with the others while a team doctor treats the injury.—ED.

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